

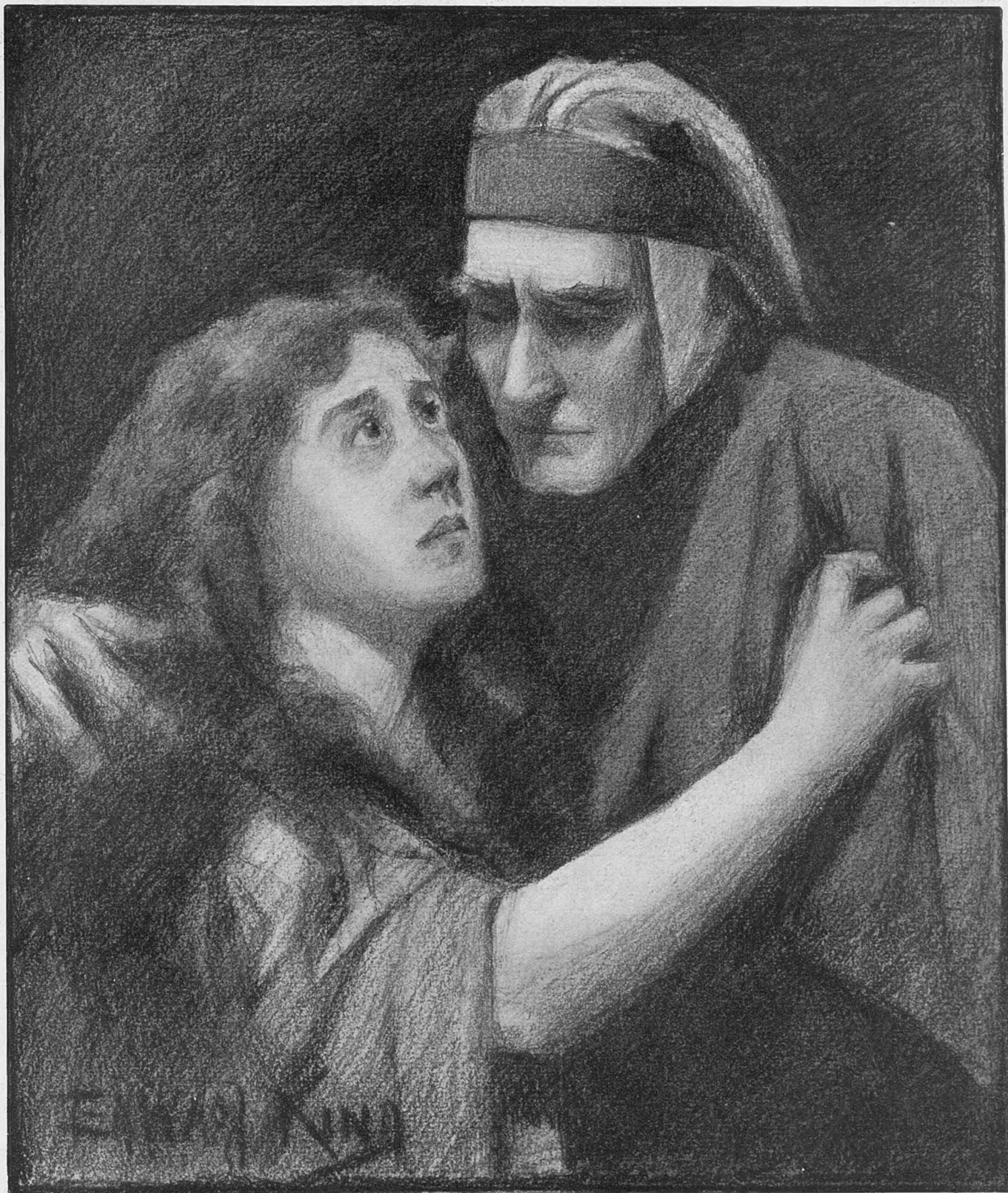
The Sketch



No. 536.—VOL. XLII.

WEDNESDAY, MAY 6, 1903.

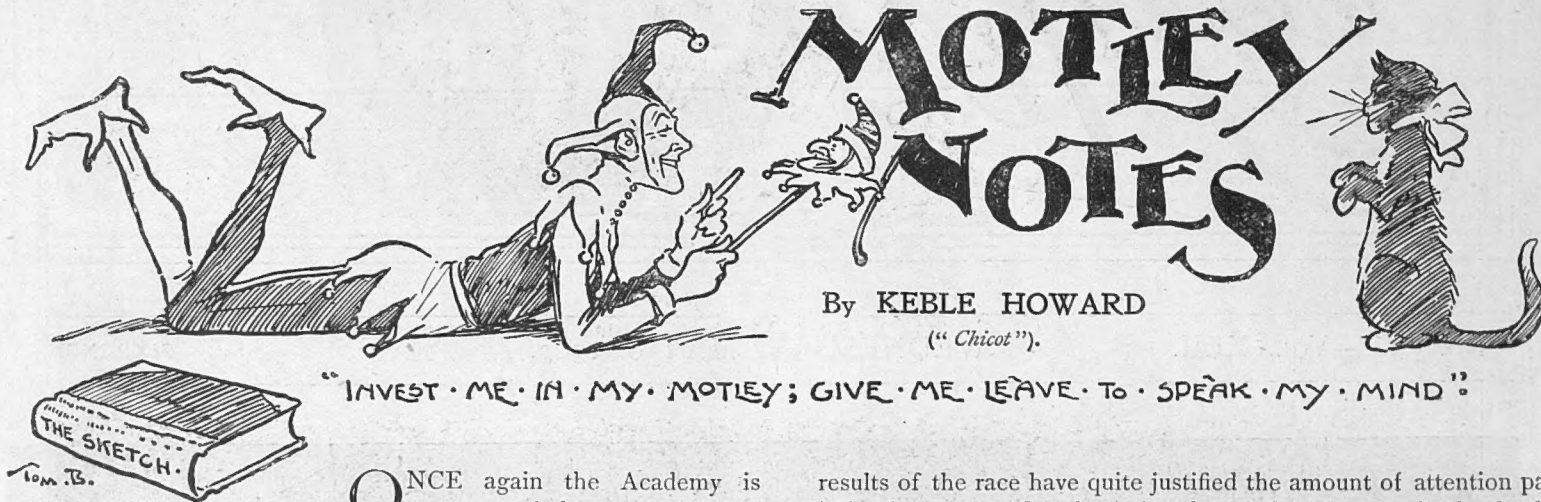
SIXPENCE.



"DANTE" AT DRURY LANE: SIR HENRY IRVING AS DANTE AND MISS LENA ASHWELL AS PIA.

DRAWN FROM LIFE BY EDWARD KING.

(See also Pages 80, 81, 88, and 90.)



ONCE again the Academy is open, and the young man of fashion may walk down Piccadilly with a bright eye and uplifted chin. In the country the trees are at their greenest, the hedgerows at their freshest, the flowers at their sweetest. But the young man of fashion has no time to frisk and frolic in the lap of Mother Nature. He has clothes to try on, tea-cups to tinkle, cards to leave. . . . "Rise up, my love, my fair one, and come away. For, lo, the winter is past, the rain is over and gone; the flowers appear on the earth; the time of the singing-birds is come." . . . Quote the passage to the young man of fashion, and see how scornfully he will sniff at the sentimentality of the Psalmist. "I hate flowers," he will tell you; "they make one's coat in such a beastly mess; and as for singing-birds—he-he!—I can hear plenty of them at the Gaiety." And so the tragi-comedy goes on—the leisured classes crushing and jostling each other in town, the working classes pining and longing for the country. . . . "Come, my beloved, let us go forth into the field; let us lodge in the villages. . . ." Deep down in their parched throats, five million weary Londoners are murmuring that refrain, but the shrill cackle of ten thousand idlers renders discordant the sobbing music of the People's Song.

There was plenty of crushing and jostling at the Private View on Friday. Here, a leading politician talked theatrical shop with a pretty actress; there, a celebrated divine bandied cheap epigrams with a popular novelist. As I gained the top of the stairs, I was surprised to observe that the centre of attraction was a young-looking man in a dingy frock-coat and a top-hat brushed the wrong way. Just for a moment, I told myself delightedly that this must be some newly discovered genius, at whose feet a generous-minded, big-souled Aristocracy was rushing to fling itself. Judge of my disgust when I recognised, in the object of so much attention, no less important a personage than the Society reporter of a fashionable daily paper. Hastily turning from this distressing scene, I plunged forthwith into the picture-rooms. Here, however, another disappointment awaited me. The majority of the people, of course, were standing with their backs to the pictures, discussing Bridge and Monte Carlo. Two handsome women, however, rather more intelligent-looking than their neighbours, were examining closely a rustic scene by an eminent artist and eagerly exchanging views upon the subject. Amazed at the sight, I managed to draw near enough to overhear the conversation. "No," one was saying, "I feel sure, dear, that you could not manage it." "Nonsense," returned the other, peevishly; "why, the hill at the back of our house is much steeper than that, and I can coast down it easily." I fled.

As to the show itself, the popular opinion seemed to be that it was "a good Academy." So many people made use of this expression during the course of the afternoon that I felt sure the verdict must be an accurate one. At the same time, I am bound to confess that I do not understand the phrase. What do they mean by "a good Academy"? Do they mean that there are a few pictures of exceptional merit, or that the general average is high, or that they find the temperature of the rooms to their taste? In any case, one cannot but admire the cleverness of people who, after being in the place about half-an-hour and spending that time in shaking hands and talking small talk, can assert, confidently and emphatically, that it is "a good Academy." . . . However, don't let's be disagreeable.

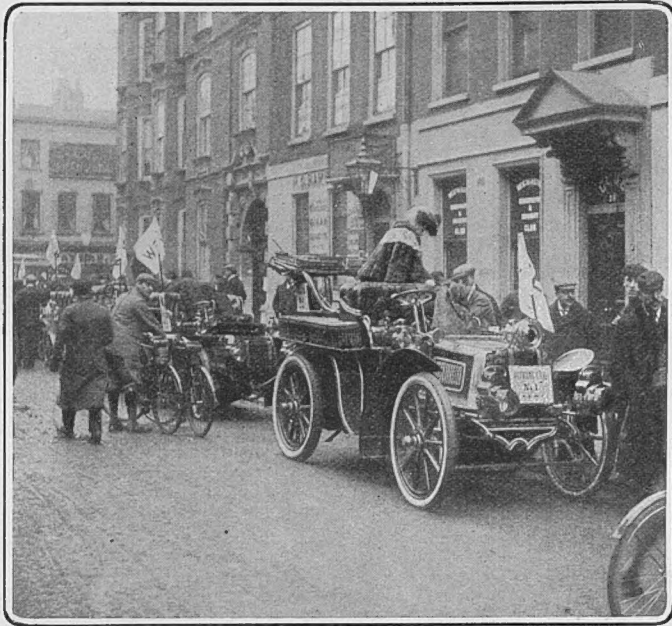
As April drew to a close, some of us began to weary a little of the Stock Exchange walk. Everyone must admit, however, that the

results of the race have quite justified the amount of attention paid to it in the Press. One has often heard that London is the healthiest place in the world, but few of us imagined that there were so many fine athletes within the walls of the Stock Exchange. It is to be hoped, as a matter of public interest, that other institutions in the Metropolis will vindicate their hardihood in a similar manner. The members of the Eccentric Club, for example, might organise a race on stilts round Hyde Park. It would be interesting to learn, too, that the young members of the House of Commons had decided to swim from Westminster to Blackfriars Bridge and back. Then the Progressives of the London County Council might set the seal of their approval on the efforts of their colleagues by partaking of a luncheon, against time, at the Automatic Buffet in the Embankment Gardens. To the fertile mind there is no end to the novel amusements that could be provided during the coming season for the entertainment of the jaded Londoner. In the meantime, the members of the Stock Exchange, their duty done, would be allowed to loll at their ease on the front-seats and make the betting.

In another part of this number of *The Sketch*, the reader will find a learned article from the pen of my colleague, "E. F. S.," on the subject of "Dante" at Drury Lane. For my own part, although I sat out the whole performance, I saw no more than two-thirds of the play. Do not imagine, though, that I was asleep. On the contrary, I was wide awake and trying desperately hard to understand the plot. Unfortunately, however, my seat was at the end of a row, so that, as I say, about one-third of the stage was hidden from me. Judging from the comments of those nearer the middle, I should say that the scenery, as a whole, is particularly impressive. Indeed, even from where I was sitting, I observed one fine effect. This was obtained by the sudden raising of a trap-door in the stage, through which a somewhat harassed gentleman thrust his head and informed Dante that the quarters below-stage were far from comfortable. The truth of his statement was fully borne out by the spectacle of red flames that twisted and curled themselves about the unfortunate fellow's legs. Small sympathy, however, was extended to him by his Actor-Manager, for, in a trice, he disappeared from view and the trap-door was shut down upon him. One or two nervous sinners in my neighbourhood left their seats immediately on the fall of the curtain and ran to the bar for brandy.

There is no limit, it seems, to the ingenuity of the editorial mind. On taking up, for instance, the current copy of the *Penny Illustrated Paper*, my eye fell upon the announcement, printed in bold letters, "£50 for reading our new serial story." With a thumping heart, I opened the paper, to find that the offer was in no sense a slur upon that clever sensationalist, Mr. Henry T. Johnson, but had reference to a competition in connection with the story. The competition itself, although extremely simple, is so ingenious that I should like to describe it to you. A number of small pictures are given, each one illustrative of some scene in the new serial. All that the reader is asked to do is to read the instalment, and then pick out the lines that, in his opinion, best fit the illustration. The idea is a long way ahead of the buried towns and hidden authors that were once so popular. Not only will it lead people to read the story, but it also furnishes an additional interest to the reading and an incentive to healthy mental exercise. My congratulations to the Editor of the *Penny Illustrated Paper* on having accomplished a feat that grows more and more difficult every day—namely, the discovery of a novelty.

THE STOCK EXCHANGE WALK TO BRIGHTON (MAY 1).



OUTSIDE WESTMINSTER BATHS AT SIX A.M.



G. D. NICHOLAS (SECOND) GOING THROUGH STREATHAM, FOLLOWED BY MONTAGU HOLBEIN (THE FAMOUS SWIMMER) ON A BICYCLE.



(57) H. N. Duke. (36) A. Hare Duke. (28) J. H. Murray.
SOME OF THE WALKERS PASSING THROUGH STREATHAM.
G. LACY HILLIER ON BICYCLE IN FRONT.



G. D. NICHOLAS LEADING THROUGH REDHILL.



E. F. BROAD (THE WINNER) PASSING THE FIFTH MILESTONE
FROM BRIGHTON.

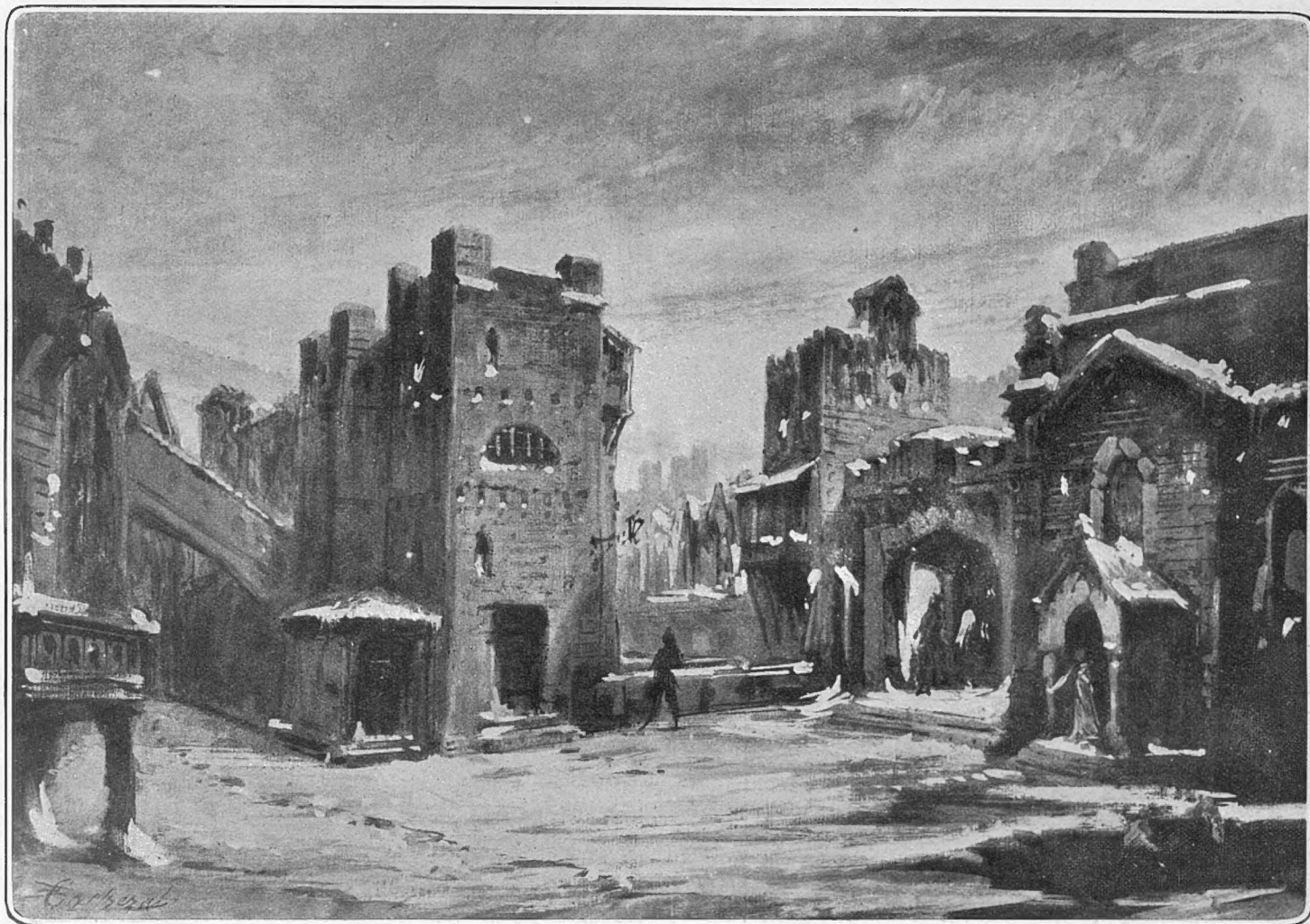


THE WINNER'S ARRIVAL.
Time-keepers.

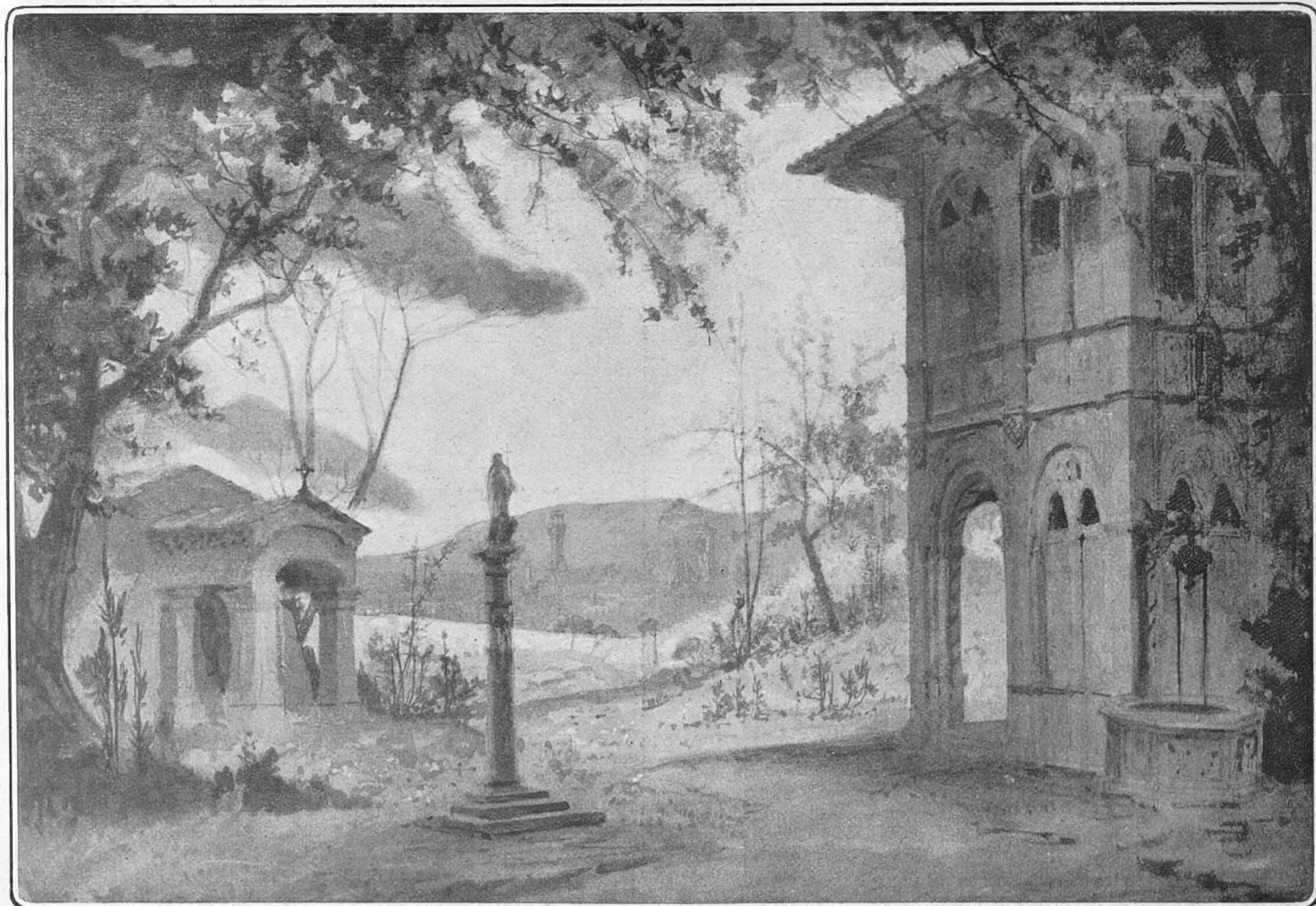
SNAPSHOTS FROM "THE SKETCH" MOTOR
By Foulsham and Banfield.

SIR HENRY IRVING'S PRODUCTION OF "DANTE," AT DRURY LANE.

SOME TYPICAL SCENES FROM THE ORIGINAL DESIGNS BY MM. CARPEZAT, RONSIN, AND BERTIN.



PROLOGUE: THE TOWER OF HUNGER, PISA.—M. CARPEZAT.



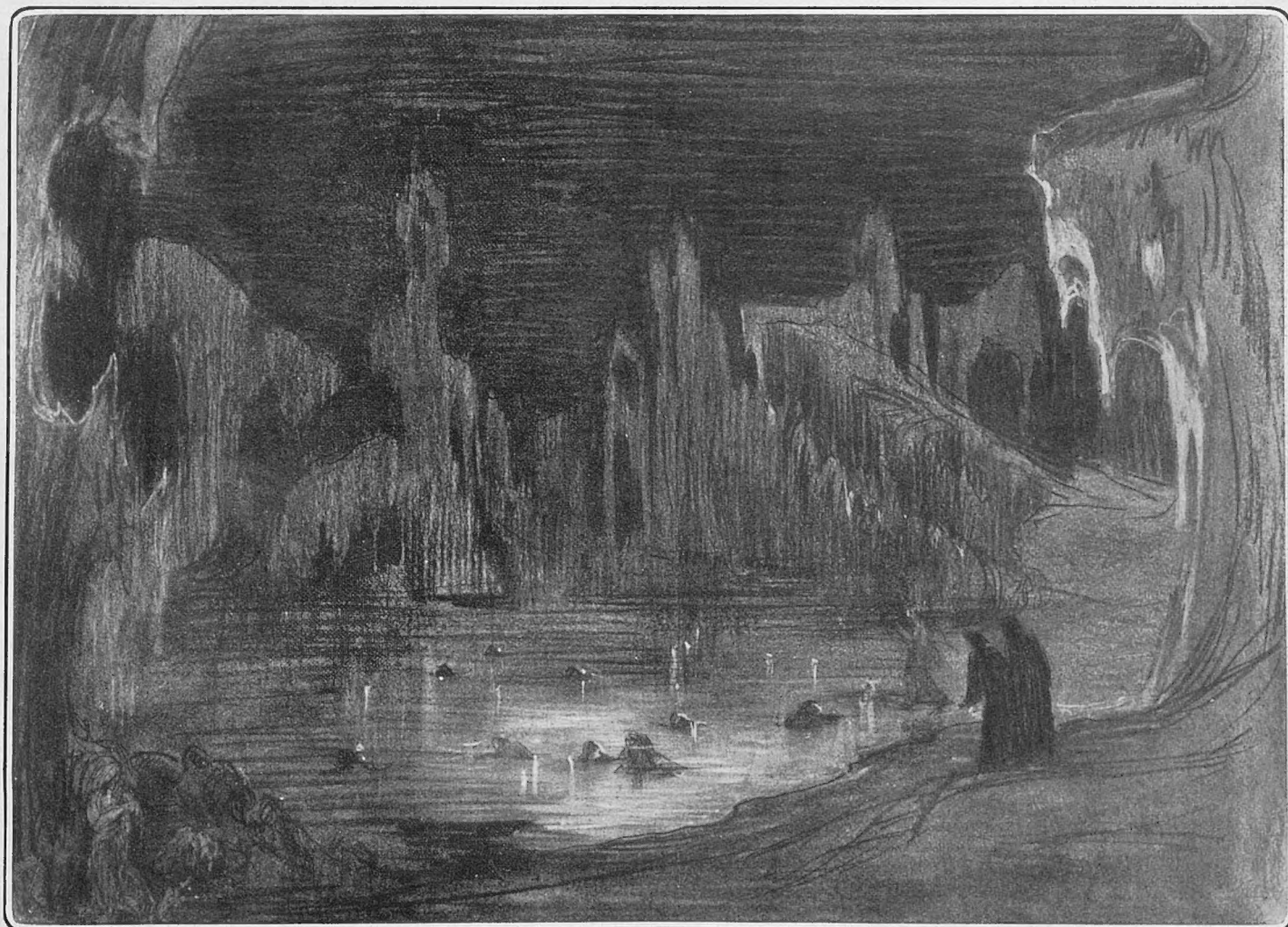
ACT I., SCENE I: THE SPRINGTIDE FÊTE, FLORENCE.—MM. RONSIN AND BERTIN.

SIR HENRY IRVING'S PRODUCTION OF "DANTE," AT DRURY LANE.

SOME TYPICAL SCENES FROM THE ORIGINAL DESIGNS BY MM. CARPEZAT, RONSIN, AND BERTIN.



ACT III., SCENE 2: THE DOOR OF HELL.—MM. RONSIN AND BERTIN.



ACT III., SCENE 5: THE CIRCLE OF ICE.—MM. RONSIN AND BERTIN.

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EAST CROYDON	11 13	MARGATE SANDS	11 5
RED HILL	10 27	RAMSGATE TOWN	11 15
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PENSHURST	10 48	CANTERBURY SOUTH	12 2
TONBRIDGE	11 6	DOVER TOWN	11 55
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STROOD (S.E.)	11 25	FOLKESTONE CENTRAL	12 5
MAIDSTONE BARRACKS	10 40		2 15
MAIDSTONE WEST	10 48		12 9
ASHFORD	11 8		12 32
HASTINGS	11 11		2 17
	12 12		12 13
	11 5		12 36
			2 21

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SMALL TALK *of the* WEEK

BY the time these lines are printed King Edward will be once again home in Merrie England, after the most remarkable and interesting tour ever undertaken by a reigning Sovereign. It used to be said that Queen Victoria was the best as she was the most permanent Minister for Foreign Affairs her fortunate country had ever known. Those who have an opportunity of judging declare that Edward VII. is incomparably the

shrewdest of diplomatists now living, and of His Majesty's diplomatic triumphs none can compare with that achieved by him when in Rome. To be received with cordial pleasure and honour by both Victor Emmanuel and by Leo XIII. is what even the King of England could scarcely venture to hope, and it is significant that non other of the mighty potentates who have visited Rome during the last thirty years has enjoyed the double privilege. Of widespread good effect also was our beloved Sovereign's sojourn in Paris, and certainly the country owes the King a debt of gratitude for the masterly manner in which he has advanced her interests during the last few weeks.

Queen Victoria and M. Paoli. M. Paoli, the famous Corsican police official who was told off to protect the King during his visit to France, was always in attendance on Queen Victoria in the South of France. The Queen used to be drawn about in a little chaise by a donkey, and one day M. Paoli replaced the animal by a tiny pony which he had procured from Corsica. The Queen accepted the gift, with which she was delighted, and brought the pony over to England, where it is still an inmate of the Royal stables. In return, Queen Victoria presented M. Paoli with a massive silver loving-cup which had belonged to George III., and this is now M. Paoli's chief treasure among all the souvenirs which have been given him by Sovereigns and other great people to whom he has been attached in his capacity as police official.

A Garden-Party at Marlborough House. The Prince and Princess of Wales will give a grand garden-party at Marlborough House on May 22, as the Grand President and Lady Grand President of the League of Mercy. All the Presidents, Vice-Presidents, and chief workers of the League are to be invited, and the Presidents and Lady Presidents will be received by the Prince and Princess in person. The League has done much good work in a quiet way, and has already collected £22,000 for King Edward's Hospital Fund.

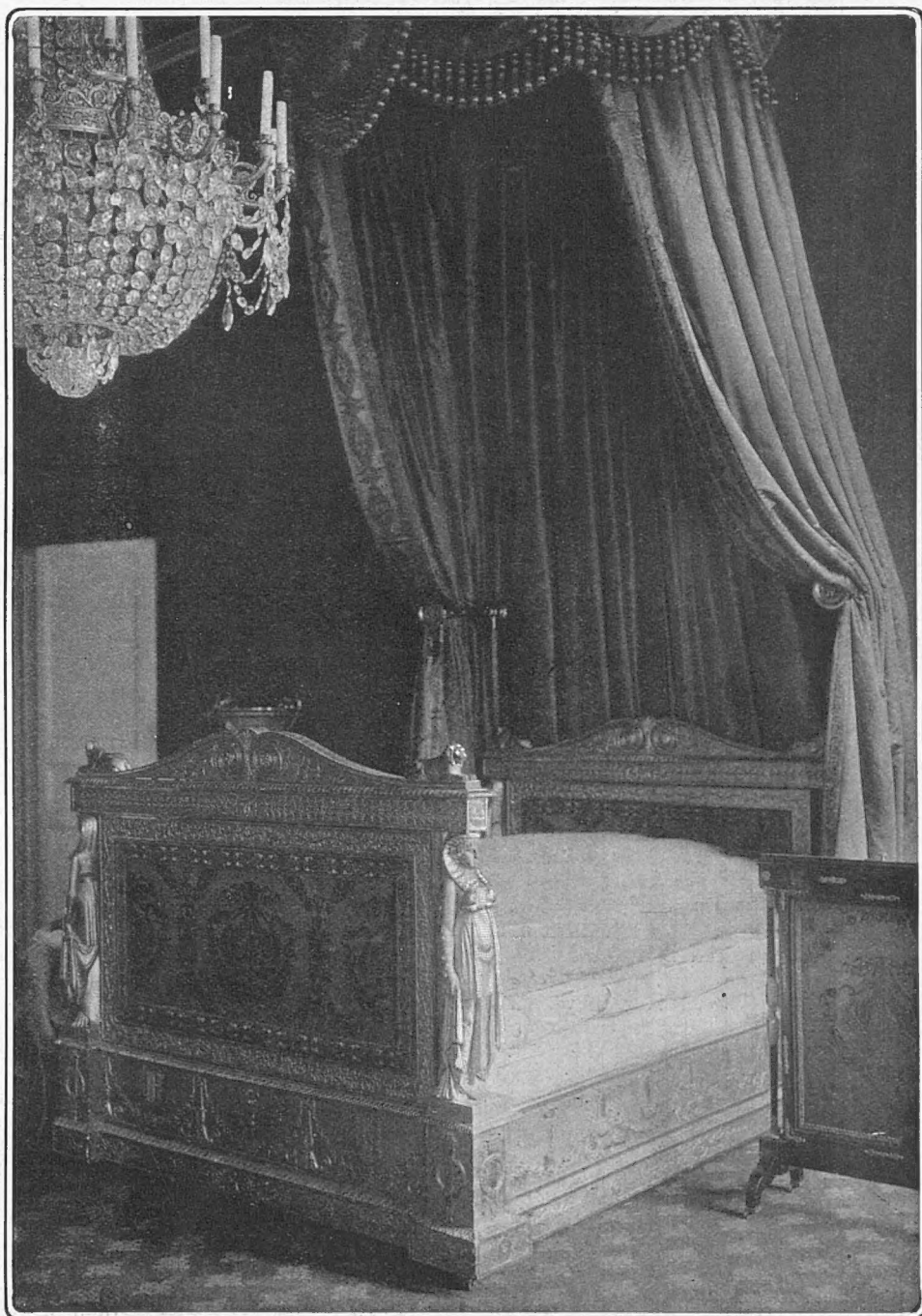
His Royal Highness and St. Louis. The Prince of Wales, as is his wont on such occasions, made a first-rate and sensible little speech when presiding at Marlborough House at the first meeting of the St. Louis Exhibition Royal Commission. His Royal Highness has inherited his love of what our American cousins call World's Fairs from both his father and his grandfather; in fact, the Prince Consort was the inventor of these great international shows which have become so popular during the last fifty years. King Edward, who, even in the midst of the whirl of his Roman and French visits, has found time to give a thought to Anglo-American affairs, has promised to lend Queen Victoria's wonderful collection of Jubilee presents. In some ways last week's meeting was a particularly notable one, for it was the first great gathering of the kind which has been held at

Marlborough House since the Prince and Princess of Wales took up their residence there.

The Royal Commission is very eclectic and catholic in composition, among the members being Lord Peel as Chairman, Lord Jersey, Lord Avebury, Sir Edward Poynter, Mr. Edwin Abbey, Mr. Brock, and Colonel Watson, who is Secretary.

A New Engagement.

Soon there will be no bachelor Peers left. Lord Dalhousie, who has been for some years one of the great *partis* of Society—he is said to have an income of about £60,000 a-year—has just become engaged to Lady Mary Willoughby, the charming youngest daughter of Lord Ancaster. Lord Dalhousie comes of a famous family; he is descended from the great Marquis who was Viceroy of India and to whom the nation owes Oudh and the Punjab. Brechin Castle is one of the most interesting places in Scotland; there is carefully preserved the famous Pear of the Brouns of Coalston, upon the possession of which Lord Dalhousie's good luck is said to depend. This fruit, which is kept in a silver casket, has shrunk to the size of a plum; it was presented to the family by a magician.



THE KING'S BEDROOM AT THE BRITISH EMBASSY, PARIS.

From the Augustin Rischgitz Collection.

Their Majesties' Scottish Visit.

Scots are said to be phlegmatic folk, but it is hardly too much to say that not even Dublin, on the occasion of the late Sovereign's visit, showed greater excitement and interest than that which is now betrayed in Edinburgh concerning their Majesties' forthcoming sojourn in Scotland. Dalkeith Palace, the splendid seat of the Duke of Buccleuch, is admirably suited to the occupation of the Sovereign; and not even the most ardent lovers of the Heart of Midlothian could wish that their Majesties should occupy Holyrood just now, though there is a rumour that, once the famous old home of Scotland's Kings has been put into thorough sanitary repair, arrangements will be made by which King Edward and Queen Alexandra will be able to make an annual stay there of at least a week. The King will hold a Levée and the Queen a Drawing-Room in the curious Long Gallery, hung with portraits of Scottish Kings and Queens, where many historic functions have taken place, but their Majesties will also entertain, at a series of dinner-parties, the greater Scottish notabilities in Dalkeith Palace.

Shamrock III.'s New Main-sail.

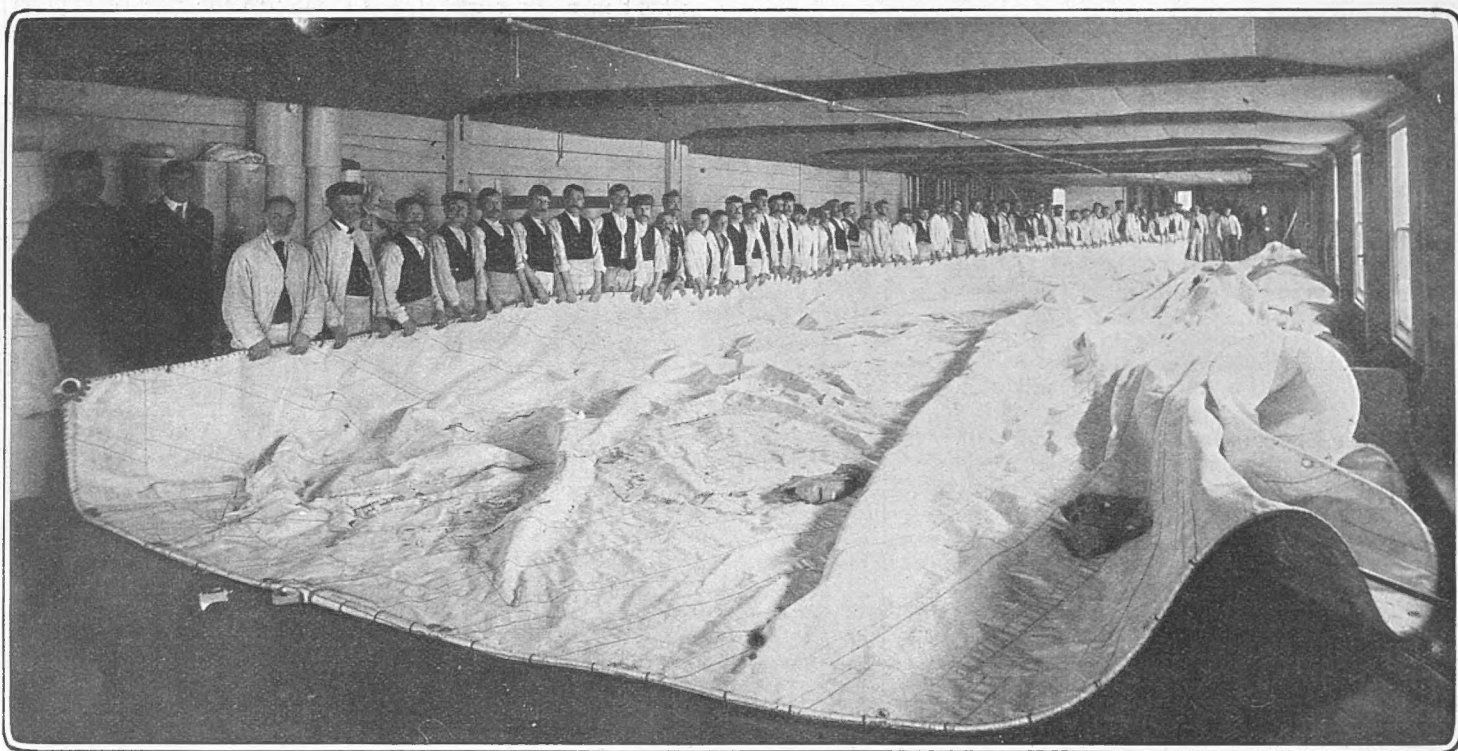
Sir Thomas Lipton's attempts to lift the America Cup have not been attended with the best of luck, for each of the three *Shamrocks* has met with an accident of some sort. The first boat was launched from Millwall four years ago, and on that occasion a skiff was capsized by a police-boat, fortunately without fatality, and later on a tug struck the yacht and bulged a plate, which had to be removed and replaced. Two years ago, the second *Shamrock* lost her mast when

An Unsatisfactory Seat.

A Berlin playgoer has secured from the Prussian Courts a verdict which has given great satisfaction to the theatre-loving public of Germany (writes *The Sketch* Correspondent in Berlin). A few months ago, he purchased two box-tickets for a popular comedy. On occupying the seats assigned to him and his wife, he discovered that less than half the stage was visible from them. He promptly returned to the box-office and demanded either seats from which he could see the play or the return of his money. Both demands were refused. The indignant playgoer at once left the theatre and brought an action against the director. He won his suit, but so important did the question appear to the director that an appeal was at once lodged. The appeal has now been decided in favour of the playgoer, and it is noteworthy that the Judge, in summing up, especially emphasised that the sanctioning of the plans for a theatre by the police authorities did not constitute an excuse for supplying seats from which a proper view of the stage was unobtainable. For comedies, which are, for the most part, rendered intelligible by the gestures of the artists, the public, said the Judge, is justified in demanding a full view of the stage.

Emperor William Among the Prophets.

A curious feature in the decorations of the magnificent gate which has been added to the Metz Cathedral is giving rise to considerable gossip in Germany. Like the Portals of Christ at Reims, Rouen, Bourges, Amiens, Auxerre, and other places, the central column of the new erection is dedicated to the figure of the Saviour, on either side



"SHAMROCK III.'S" NEW MAIN-SAIL, MADE IN RECORD TIME (EIGHT DAYS).

Photograph by Kirk and Sons, Cowes, Isle of Wight.

His Majesty was on board, and the third Challenger, as is well known, recently met with a similar accident, attended, unfortunately, with loss of life. However, Sir Thomas, like the true sportsman he is, though naturally grieved at the death of a seaman who had served him so well and faithfully, lost no time in repairing the damage done to *Shamrock III.*, and Messrs. Ratsey and Lapthorn were at once commissioned to make a new main-sail to replace that destroyed. This they accomplished in the record time of eight days. The new sail weighs no less than a ton, and forty of the firm's best men were employed in its manufacture.

The Fruit and the Frost.

It is many years since so much damage was done to the fruit crops by the late frosts as has been the case this year. All over the country the loss has been very heavy, and in the South-West of England, where the weather is usually expected to be mild in April, the fruit crops have been almost entirely destroyed and much harm has also been done to garden produce. The warm weather at the end of March brought the buds out earlier than usual, and, consequently, they suffered severely when the cold nights followed. The raspberry-canes were especially injured, and in the West Country there will hardly be any raspberries at all this year. Happily, the apples did not begin to blossom to any great extent before the frosts came, and so the crop will not be so poor as it was last year, when the frost came in May.

The Upper Thames.

Although a few adventurous persons were out on the river at Easter, the example has not been followed, and the reaches of the Upper Thames were last week full of water, as the result of the heavy rains at the beginning of the week.

of whom are ranged the twelve Apostles. The corner columns are occupied by the four great prophets of the Old Testament, executed in the style of the thirteenth century. Everyone has been struck by the figure of Daniel, whose features are an absolutely faithful reproduction of the present German Emperor. The likeness is most striking, and will doubtless not escape the keen eyes of the Pope, to whom the Emperor, on the occasion of his visit to Rome, has decided to present coloured photographs of the new Portal.

The Devil and the Philosophers.

Those who have been reading the new Letters of Mrs. Carlyle will be interested in a story of the Sage's wife which is not very generally known. A friend had called at Cheyne Row and been received with surprising warmth of welcome. So cordial was the welcome that Mrs. Carlyle felt called upon to explain the reason for her gladness, and she said, during the evening, "We are so delighted to see you—we thought it was Emerson!" The optimist from across the water was not popular with the Carlyles, and one likes to remember the story of the desperate effort which Carlyle wasted in trying to turn Emerson into a pessimist. He led the great American down East, to some of the saddest sights which poverty-stricken London has to show, and, as they came away, the Sage exclaimed, "And noo, man, d'ye believe in the deevil noo?" Emerson didn't. "All these people," he said, "seem to me only parts of the great machine, and, on the whole, I think they are doing their work very satisfactorily." Then they went to the House of Commons, where Carlyle showed Emerson "ae chiel getting up after anither and leeing and leeing." It was a sight, Carlyle thought, to cure the wildest optimist, but Emerson made the same reply, and Carlyle gave him up in despair.

Mr. Hanbury.

The sudden death of Mr. Hanbury caused remarkable regret in the House of Commons. Less than a week before he died he took part in a Cabinet Council and in the proceedings of the House. The last time his voice was

heard was in correcting a statement by a colleague. A few hours later, he was in bed suffering from influenza, and before the House had realised that he was seriously ill it heard of his death. He was only fifty-eight years old, and, although he had been liable to chills, his tall frame looked strong.

Mr. Hanbury, who was a wealthy country gentleman, entered Parliament as a Liberal Conservative in 1872. He was out of the House from 1880 to 1885, but from the latter date to his death he sat for Preston. It was in the Liberal Parliament of 1892-5 that he became conspicuous. Along with Mr. (now Sir George) Bartley and Mr. Thomas Gibson Bowles, Mr. Hanbury subjected the Gladstone-Rosebery Government

to pertinacious criticism and discussed the Estimates with particular assiduity. Lord Salisbury, on coming into power in 1895, appointed the member for Preston Financial Secretary to the Treasury. Thus it became his duty to defend where formerly he had attacked. He was, in Mr. Bowles's phrase, a "poacher turned gamekeeper."

A post in the Cabinet was given to Mr. Hanbury in 1900, but the Ministry of Agriculture was scarcely congenial to him, although he won the esteem of landlords and farmers by his sympathy, zeal, and activity. He was one of the ablest administrators in the Government, and if he had been more subservient he might have risen higher. Mr. Hanbury lacked oratorical graces. He spoke rapidly in a monotone, but very few members could make a more effective statement, and none more lucid. Leaning his elbow on the box at the table, he rested on one leg while he curved the other. He had a broad, clean-shaven, rather pallid face, with hair parted in the centre.

Touching tributes were paid to Mr. Hanbury in the House on the day of his death. Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman was as deeply moved as the Prime Minister and was even more felicitous in language. Here is "C.-B.'s" exhaustive description of the late statesman: "He was strenuous, industrious, vigorous, frank, friendly, accessible." Even Mr. John Redmond amiably added an Irish leaf to the wreath. Mr. Chaplin, whom Mr. Hanbury succeeded, spoke generously of his loss to the agricultural world, and a modest tribute was added by Sir William Tomlinson, his colleague in the representation of Preston. There was such a disparity in the sizes of the two members that they were sometimes described as "The long and the short of it."

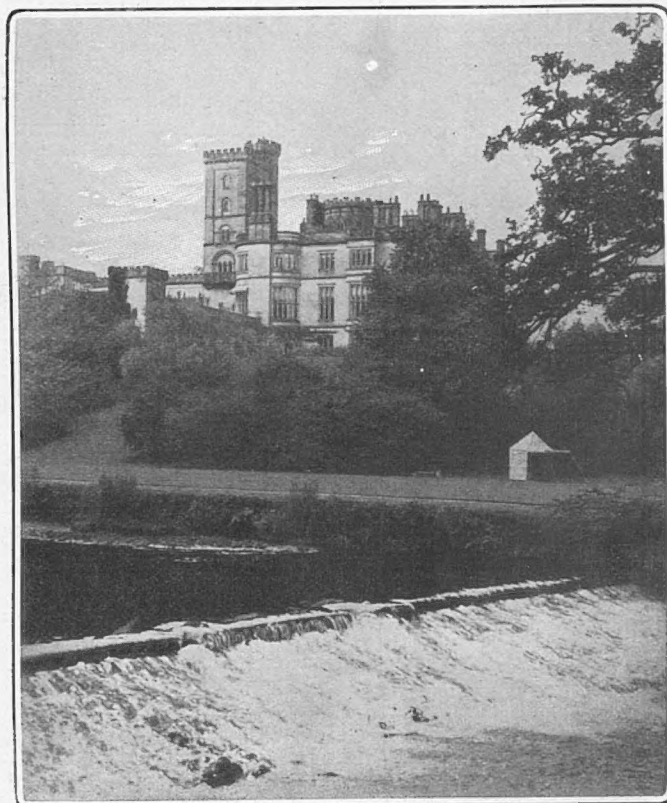
A Mob, a Palace, and an Empress.

King Edward, we may be sure, would think during his visit to Paris of the first time he saw the gayest Capital in Europe, and the Royal hostess who entertained him then will have recalled during the last few days the wonderful sights the streets of Paris presented in those happy days. The pathetic figure of the Empress Eugénie comes to mind whenever one thinks or reads of Paris, and there are few pictures which the mind paints for the eye so sad as that of the Empress looking out from her palace for the last time. The dull tread of millions of feet outside the Tuileries sounded in the Palais-Bourbon like a nation tramping to the grave, and the Empress watched the advancing crowd until it reached the palace in which she had been left alone. Not one of those whose place at that hour was by her side had remained to guard her; three foreign Diplomats and M. de Lesseps alone were with her. It was M. de Lesseps, whose own hour of peril was coming on, who rescued the last Empress of France from a maddened mob. It was a courageous stratagem which saved the



THE LATE RIGHT HON. R. W. HANBURY.

Photograph by the London Stereoscopic Company.



MR. HANBURY'S RESIDENCE IN STAFFORDSHIRE.

situation. M. de Lesseps had made the Suez Canal and had seen the waters rush through the sluice-gates. As the mob hurled itself against the windows of the palace, he ordered the great gates to be opened, and the surging mass passed through into the open space beyond. The Empress was safe. Along half-a-mile of galleries she sped, and, walking out of the palace alone, she hailed a cab. A little urchin almost betrayed her at the last, but the cabman drove away, and the woman who had shared the Throne of France found refuge in the house of an American dentist.

The Stratford Free Library.

Never has the Shakspeare Celebration at Stratford-on-Avon been more enthusiastically observed than during the past fortnight, and for a time even the rather bitter controversy as to the proposed site next the poet's birthplace in Henley Street of the Carnegie Free Library was hushed, only to break out again with renewed vigour. Whatever may be the merits or demerits of the scheme, it seems a pity that a less controversial site was not chosen. The cottages to be removed may not be so old as some people imagine, but, at any rate, they possess the merit of a certain antiquity. At the Banquet, in responding for "The Drama," Mr. Beerbohm Tree attempted to pour oil on troubled waters by suggesting that a structure in Elizabethan style, preserving the historic character of the spot, might meet all views. This solution of the difficulty, which must have occurred to many, might probably satisfy some, but the antiquarian who abhors a sham will hardly be quieted so easily. Mr. Tree's assertion that, contrary to the general opinion, Shakspeare in the theatre does pay, was naturally received with cheers, which were redoubled when he announced that he had undertaken next year's dramatic representations.



Shakspeare's House.

The Doomed Cottages.

SITE OF THE CARNEGIE LIBRARY AT STRATFORD-ON-AVON.

Photograph by W. J. Brunell.

*The Canadian
Emigration
Commissioner.*

Mr. W. T. R. Preston, the Canadian Emigration Commissioner, has been described as "the busiest man in London," and, though there may be a few who think they could easily lay claim to such a proud and strenuous title, it would be hard for them to make good their position. As early as 8.30 a.m. Mr. Preston may be found hard at work with the morning's mail, which, apart from the usual home correspondence, often includes letters from France, Germany, Austria, Scandinavia, Russia, Finland, and even from far-off Japan. He works himself harder than his staff, being invariably the first man to arrive and the last one to leave. In his early life, Mr. Preston was a tireless journalist, and then, taking up politics, was twice a candidate for the Dominion Parliament, and for twelve years did yeoman service as organiser for the Liberal Party. Not being bound by red tape and having no use for official conventionalities, Mr. Preston conducts his office on business lines, and since he took up his position, some four years ago, the tide of emigration has increased beyond the most sanguine expectations of his Government. The photograph, which was specially taken for *The Sketch* early one morning last week, shows the "hustling" Commissioner seated at his desk in the new offices of the Department at Charing Cross.

varied apparatus which have been devised for the purpose of checking the ravages of the element which has been described as "a good servant but a bad master." Those who are still more interested in the matter will find in the galleries around the Imperial Court the most interesting collection of everything connected with the history of fires and fire-fighting which has ever been brought together—pictures, relics, and some striking old engines, among them a two-man manual dating from 1626, and, in spite of its age, still in working order. It used to be at the Guildhall, and, whenever it was necessary to use it, permission had to be obtained from the Mayor, or, if he were away, from the Beadle, before it could be taken away, and it was carried to the place where it was needed by hand-poles and shoulder-straps. It was no wonder that the Great Fire of 1666 was able to get such a hold of London, with such primitive means for coping with the flames. London's Great Fire, indeed, is one of the great shows of the Exhibition, through the skill of Mr. A. Kotin, who has reconstructed London as it was nearly two centuries and a-half ago for the purpose. The spectator is supposed to stand on one of the arches of old London Bridge, and he sees the fire raging its way over the four hundred and thirty-six acres through which it spread, in that area destroying four hundred streets, over thirteen thousand houses, and ninety-odd places of



"THE BUSIEST MAN IN LONDON": MR. W. T. R. PRESTON, THE CANADIAN COMMISSIONER FOR EMIGRATION.

Photograph by Charles Brightman, Westminster.

*The Earl's Court
Exhibition.*

The spirit of one stanza of Edgar Allen Poe's famous poem of "The Bells" is the animating principle of the chief attraction of this summer's great Exhibition at Earl's Court, "Fighting the Flames," with which the public has been familiarised by the striking posters on the hoardings. It is, however, safe to say that the spectacle, which will be shown twice a day during the six months the Exhibition is open, will exceed in its reality anything which the poet can suggest to the imagination. The spectator will see, in addition to two very finely painted streets, some solidly built houses rising several storeys from the ground. The scene opens with the *va-et-vient* of a street in a large city, with its bustling crowds, when suddenly the cry of "Fire!" is heard. A policeman rushes to the alarm-post, breaks the glass, and gives the alarm to the fire-station, from which, in a little while, the engines come tearing, and the firemen get to work with the hose; fire-escapes are brought up, men go up the ladders into the burning house and rescue the inmates, some of whom jump from the top storeys into sheets held by willing hands to catch them as they fall.

Nor less interesting will be the historical procession representing "Fighting the Flames" through many centuries, so that, from the days when great squirts were used and bellows-engines, down to the elaborate machinery of our own time, the onlooker will see all the

worship, to say nothing of St. Paul's, the Guildhall, the Custom House, the halls of most of the City Companies, many hospitals, prisons, libraries, three of the City gates, and four stone bridges.

Artificial fires due to accident or design occupying so much attention, it was a happy thought to include in the Exhibition the fires of Nature, and one may, without discomfort, enjoy a tour around the great active volcanoes of the world on what is called "a subterranean molten stream" which flows past them. In this way it will be possible to form some idea of the terrible eruption of Mont Pelée, which last year appalled the whole world by destroying the town of St. Pierre and all its inhabitants, an incident which, no doubt, furnished the idea for this "side-show," which is but one of many designed to attract and interest the visitor. For those who prefer to study the life of other people, the Arab village on the Nile with its representation of native life, brought direct from Egypt under a special authorisation of the Sirdar, cannot fail to be instructive, giving, as it does, an object-lesson of the manners and customs of the people, as well as the work with which they occupy their time. What with mechanical horses, the Gravity Railway, marionette shows, and some of the finest pictures ever exhibited by the Biograph, the Earl's Court Exhibition this year bids fair to be even more than ordinarily attractive, and everything will be ready for the inspection of the visitor when the doors are opened to-day.

RE-OPENING OF EARL'S COURT EXHIBITION:

TWO OF THE MOST INTERESTING SHOWS.



"FIGHTING THE FLAMES" IN THE EMPRESS THEATRE: THE CONCLUDING SCENE.



THE ASSOUAN VILLAGE: A CONTEST WITH "MABBOUTS."

SMALL TALK ON THE BOULEVARDS.

The King's French Colony.

In the Department of the Seine alone the King has a colony of some thirty-seven thousand subjects, and none are more loyal (writes the Paris Correspondent of *The Sketch*). The bulk are naturally engaged with horse-racing at Chantilly, Maisons Laiffite, and La Morlaye. In Paris the majority are engaged in tailoring and dressmaking and are



M. Bertin. M. Xavier Leroux. M. Ronsin.

A "DANTE" TRIO:

M. XAVIER LEROUX, COMPOSER OF THE INCIDENTAL MUSIC FOR "DANTE," WITH MM. BERTIN AND RONSIN, THE SCENIC ARTISTS.

mainly Scotch. To the English tradesmen Paris owes its present Sunday of freedom. When they established their houses after the War of 1870, all the big places of business were open on Sunday. The action of the British was held up to ridicule in print and poem and particularly caricature. But gradually the French adopted the English system, and that must have meant millions of francs a-year for the railway companies and the outlying and delicious suburbs, which were till then deserted.

France a Sporting Nation.

The British education of the French to healthy athletics is simply the work of the last few years. Before then the French youth up till about fifteen did indulge in battledore and shuttle-cock; but, that period passed, it was billiards, manille, and a dozen games of hazard without end in cafés. The English brought in the bicycle (those were the days of the ordinary), and were hooted in the streets by the *cochers*. But the cycle prevailed, and young France started taking exercise. Football was introduced in the early 'nineties, and was pitilessly denounced by the French as brutal and demoralising. To-day, the international matches at the Parc des Princes attract thousands of a paying public, not a school is without its team and neither a regiment. The Stade and the Racing Club can now with confidence challenge any English Club team. Cricket has its devotees, though it is not popular with the French; but that may pass off when a good ground has been found. Polo and lawn-tennis have become ultra-aristocratic, and every seaside resort of importance has its polo-ground. The French athlete to-day has two Paris dailies entirely devoted to pastimes, and weeklies by the dozen. This revolution in the development of a race is wholly due to the English colony. It is only fair to say, as might naturally be expected, that the most perfect good-fellowship exists between the French and English sportsmen.

The King of the Camelots.

Napoleon Hayard, the King of the Camelots, used his printing-presses night and day over the King's visit. He had songs to suit all tastes, and it was amusing to see the crowds at the street-corners listening to the singing of the hawkers. Certainly the more popular were those in light parlance, and devoid of iambic or dactyl, that saw in His Majesty a good and thorough Parisian and welcomed him as such. These, in celluloid, with portraits of the King, sold by the thousand, and so did the commemorative medals. Illustrated post-cards were in big demand by the English visitors, who had come over to the number of sixty thousand—more than visited Paris during the Exhibition. I did not see any *article-de-Paris* worth speaking about. It is an absolute fact that on the Wednesday afternoon before the visit every English Union Jack was sold out, at any price the magasins asked. This must have been a relief to His Majesty, for, otherwise, I could imagine him

thinking quietly of brain-softening. The French idea of the Union Jack, borrowed from specimens sent from Holland and Germany, is vague, incoherent, strange.

Continuing the Anglicising.

Steadily the Frenchman has been converted to the English customs. He has dropped the peg-top trousers, alpaca jacket, and flat-brimmed silk hat. His clothes are English-cut, his collar is English, and any Bond Street novelty in ties is regarded as worth being included in his chronicle by the London Correspondent. It is idle to speak of the beefsteak, the mutton-chop, the Welsh-rarebit, and Cambridge sausages and haddocks and kippers. To-day there is no French cuisine: it is English pure and simple, although they have yet much to learn from an English cook. The "five o'clock" is a fashionable necessity for any hostess in the Quartier Marbeuf, and the English tea-rooms throughout the city are packed in the afternoon. The use of the evening-dress suit for marriage and funeral is dying out and the frock-coat has been adopted by the aristocracy.

A Friendly Lead.

There can be no doubt that the influence of the English colony in Paris is enormous. It has its two daily papers, its magazines and reviews, its Clubs and Associations, its places of worship for all religions, its amateur theatre, its libraries. And, with all this, it may be frankly said that it has tended to a friendly relationship, and there is never any friction between the British resident and the French. Certainly a few bullet-headed excursionists do cause a feeling of irritation by their arrogance, but they would probably be doing the same at home in the Isle of Dogs.

Heir to Holland's Throne.

It is not outside the bounds of possibility that the Princess Carolina of Reuss, who has been married in the presence of the German Emperor and the Queen of Holland, may one day sit on a throne much more important than that of Saxe-Weimar, whose reigning Prince has made her his wife. The young Duke of Saxe-Weimar is the heir-presumptive to the Dutch throne, and would, in the event of the death of the Queen, be King of the Netherlands as well as Grand Duke of his own Principality. He is not likely to succeed to his inheritance, however. The Dutch Parliament, in case no Prince has been born to the Queen in five years, may dissolve the marriage, and if a Prince lives to be eighteen, the Queen must then abdicate in his favour. It is one of the curiosities of the Dutch Constitution, unique among the Constitutions of the world.



AN AUTOGRAPHED PORTRAIT OF M. SARDOU, PART-AUTHOR OF "DANTE."

Taken by Reutlinger, Paris. (See "The Stage from the Stalls.")



VARNISHING DAY (MAY 1) AT THE SALON DES ARTISTES FRANÇAIS.

SKETCHES BY DUDLEY HARDY, OUR REPRESENTATIVE IN PARIS.



THE STAGE FROM THE STALLS.

BY E. F. S.

("Monocle.")

"THE MEDAL AND THE MAID"—"THE GOOD HOPE"—"DANTE."

PIECES such as "The Medal and the Maid" make one wonder why managers take the trouble to present really new works when dealing with a certain class of play. The witty phrase, "Plus ça change plus c'est la même chose," comes irresistibly to mind; a few fresh numbers, some change of players, an alteration of scenery, and a new collection of dresses seem to be all that is needed for a change of bill. Why, then, trouble to find a novel title and ask for what pretends to be another book? The new jokes are not likely to have more novelty than their predecessors, the plot of the first Act will probably be no less jejune than that of the former piece, and is quite as certain to be forgotten during the second, till there is a kind of desperate disentanglement of it five minutes before the end of the affair. Really the suggestion seems quite valuable, and I make it in humble gratitude for the moments of refined pleasure that I enjoyed at the Lyric when age-worn facetiæ were being aimed at the Navy, the Law, marriage, literature, the Gaiety Girl, the Stock Exchange, and other well-exploited subjects.

However, I notice that our "Motley Notes" have anticipated me to some extent on this topic, and so pass on. Concerning "The Medal and the Maid," I can say with a feeling of conviction that those who like this sort of thing will like it very much, and success seems certain. People will be pawning their skates—if confident that the winter really is over—to hear Miss Ada Reeve sing, with a point that would have staggered Euclid, about her "curriculum" and "The Prehistoric Maid"—who wasn't—and the Frills on the Petticoat; and listen to Miss Ruth Vincent's very agreeable rendering of songs somewhat different in class. Even this jaded critic can recommend the chorus—the liveliest, most energetic, best-handled British chorus I have seen in this class of work; and it must be added that, if the individual dancing was not of great quality, that of the Lyric girls was remarkably good. There is the music of Mr. Sidney Jones to be considered: perhaps none of it shows his best, yet several numbers will go round the town, and among those of a less "catchy" character were some charming tunes admirably handled. The implied disparagement to the composer is hardly fair: his best would have been out of place. Your composer for musical comedy must imitate the old Greek legislator, and not give his best work, but merely the best that the audience is fitted to receive. So it may be added that much of his music is excellent, and much is exhilarating, and some is rather so-so-so.

"The Good Hope," given by the Stage Society, is quite unlike most plays. It is not a great work of art; pamphlet plays rarely are. Apparently the Dutch are, or were, in want of a Plimsoll, and the drama was written to stir up public opinion. Fortunately, the author of the work translated ably by Christopher St. John is a dramatist as well as pamphleteer. I venture to say "translated ably," though all Dutch is Greek to me—or, at least, double-Dutch—for the piece does not sound as if it were translated, and this, from perhaps the most important point of view, is the supreme test. Strange to say, we English rarely fashion a play that smells of the sea, but "The Good Hope" really has an atmosphere of salt water—and a good deal of it is in the eyes of the spectators. Mournful, almost morbid, slyly humorous, but too rarely, and at times horribly powerful, it is a piece that one recollects and thinks about, and the kind of work that stimulates players till they rise above their customary level. To see Miss Filippi as Kniertje is to proclaim her without hesitation an actress of genius, but one would hardly apply the sacred term to any other of her admirable performances. I am sure that Duse could not have played it better. Nor could I easily, if at all, name actors to replace Mr. Lyall Swete and Mr. Granville Barker, against whom I can only say that they acted too well for my nerves. Miss Beryl Faber gave a brilliant piece of acting, Miss Irene Rooke was quietly effective, and charming little sketches of Dutch character were given by Mr. O. B. Clarence and Mr. T. Paulton. Moreover, Miss Margaret Halstan acted admirably and at times with great intensity, and Miss Lilian Braithwaite played with well-restrained force. Indeed, it is difficult for me to recollect any performance so deeply interesting to the student of acting as that given by a collection of enthusiasts in this terrible tale of the sea. It is a pity, no doubt, that the big scenes of the play are at the beginning; but, even taking this into account, and remembering certain unnecessarily long passages, the recollection remains of a cruelly strong, fascinating, realistic tragedy—"melodrama" is a wholly inaccurate term for a piece which avoids, so far as lies in the author's power, the tendency to the "rhetorical" and aims at the real, despite the cost in sentiment or romance.

The official anticipatory pamphlet concerning "Dante" had a kind of apologetic tone which, when one had seen the list of speaking

persons of the play and synopsis of the scenery, gave a good hint as to the nature of the piece to which no term of classification is given on the programme. The idea of a deliberately unhistorical play about Dante seems rather strange, but the material question, after all, is whether the result is an effective work or not. That it is a serious addition to literary drama can hardly be contended. A collection of episodes connected loosely with one striking figure and expensively illustrated could hardly fail to be effective when contrived by such a master of play-building as Sardou, the most popular dramatist of modern times, even if his work is now regarded as rather *vieux jeu* by the critics. *Sketch* readers by now will know all about the plots of the piece and the arrangement of the scenes, beginning with the prologue representing the Ugolino episode, and ending with the triumphant scene in the Papal Palace at Avignon, where Dante terrifies the evil Cardinal Colonna who, in the English version, represents the Pope Clement V., and so rescues the illegitimate daughter kindly bestowed on him by the French playwrights.

It is rather a relief to the critic that the candour of the authors disarms him so far as the historical side of the question is concerned, and leaves him free to consider "Dante" as a work of fiction and express his regret that it is not "high-class fiction." Unfortunately, long traffic in the artificial and insincere affects a dramatist, and, whilst the author of "Patrie" might have written a noble play somehow connected with Dante, the manufacturer of the modern Sardou plays could not be expected to prove equal to the task even when aided by M. Moreau. We have several, perhaps many, dramatists who could have written a finer drama on the subject, and one at least as effective. Nor has Sir Henry been fitted with a part making a sufficient demand upon him. He is dignified and impressive and looks superb, but what he says has little weight and what he does still less. Of course, there are effective episodes and the actor throws away no chance of distinction, but his Dante, except as an appeal to the eye, will not take a high place in his noteworthy collection of stage characters.

Criticism of the play really is very difficult, because it has so little quality. Change the names and eliminate the Hell scenes, which could be removed without affecting the play, as a play, at all, and you would have a scrappy melodrama concerning a middle-aged man, alleged to be a poet, trying to protect his mistress and their illegitimate child against her husband, a wicked fellow, and after the death of the wife endeavouring successfully to save the daughter and her sweetheart from the power of the Inquisition. It should, however, be added that in the prologue Dante does act from a public motive rather than mere private interest. Nor can it be said that the banality of the matter is disguised by any splendour of language or beauty of idea. No doubt, Mr. Laurence Irving has rendered the French soundly, and no doubt, too, the ear listens vainly for anything that raises the piece to the dignity of poetic drama. Nor is the play much improved by the introduction of such matter as a scrap of the story of Paolo and Francesca da Rimini, which we have lately had treated at full length in two languages and mounted superbly. Probably the scene of the descent to Hell will attract the theatrical world, eager to see what Sir Henry Irving, at one time the greatest living *metteur en scène*, would make of such an affair, and compare Sir Henry's Hades with that of Mr. Beerbohm Tree in "Ulysses." Why, one asks, was not Mr. Stephen Phillips instructed to write the play? Some, possibly, will be more struck with the long procession of scenes in "Dante" and the greater apparent variety, but others will think that the French artists who have worked with Sir Henry have shown little of the imaginative power which rendered the Hades in "Ulysses" a really remarkable attempt to achieve the impossible.

For, indeed, it cannot be said that the French artists have in the least disturbed our belief that we have better scene-painters and stage-carpenters and machinists than the French; it would be awful if this were not the case, seeing how much we have sacrificed to them. Still, there was a great deal of applause for the scenery, and even for the new drop-curtain, one of the most deplorable horrors of the Art Nouveau type I can remember. The music of M. Leroux, not wholly audible on the first-night, seemed dignified and appropriate to the theme. The play gave little chance to the players. Certainly Miss Lena Ashwell acted her two parts with power and charm, and Mr. Gerald Lawrence supported her ably. Mr. Mollison was much applauded, but seemed to me, on the first-night, to rant deplorably. Miss Wallis, Miss Laura Burt, and Messrs. Stanford and Hearn rendered valuable service. Many excellent players were barely distinguishable, though permitted to say a few words and pop in and out of rather puzzling scenes.



MISS GAYNOR ROWLANDS AS HESTER IN "MY LADY MOLLY," AT TERRY'S THEATRE.

Photograph by W. and D. Downey, Ebury Street, S.W.

THE GREAT MOTOR MEETING IN IRELAND.

(See "The Man on the Car.")

MAIN ROAD, PHENIX PARK, WHERE THE SPEED TRIALS WILL BE RUN.



QUEENSTOWN HARBOUR, WHERE THE MOTOR-LAUNCH RACE IS TO TAKE PLACE

Photographs by W. Lawrence, Dublin.

THE GREAT MOTOR CONTEST IN IRELAND: SOME TYPICAL VIEWS OF THE ROUTE.

(See "The Man on the Car.")



ON THE ROAD TO THE COURSE, NEAR KILCULLAN.



ARDSKULL MOAT.



THE ROAD NEAR MONASTEREVIN.



NEAR MARYBOROUGH. THE ROAD ON THE LEFT WILL BE USED TO RENDER THE PASSAGE THROUGH THE TOWN UNNECESSARY.



THE GREAT HEATH, MARYBOROUGH.

Photographs by W. Lawrence, Dublin.

SERVANTS OF THE PUBLIC:

THEATRICAL CELEBRITIES OFF THE STAGE.



MISS MARIE DAINTON, NOW APPEARING IN "A CHINESE HONEYMOON" AT THE STRAND.



MISS OLGA NETHERSOLE PLAYING "PATIENCE."



MISS LETTY LIND.

Photographs by R. W. Thomas, Cheapside.

SERVANTS OF THE PUBLIC:
THEATRICAL CELEBRITIES OFF THE STAGE.

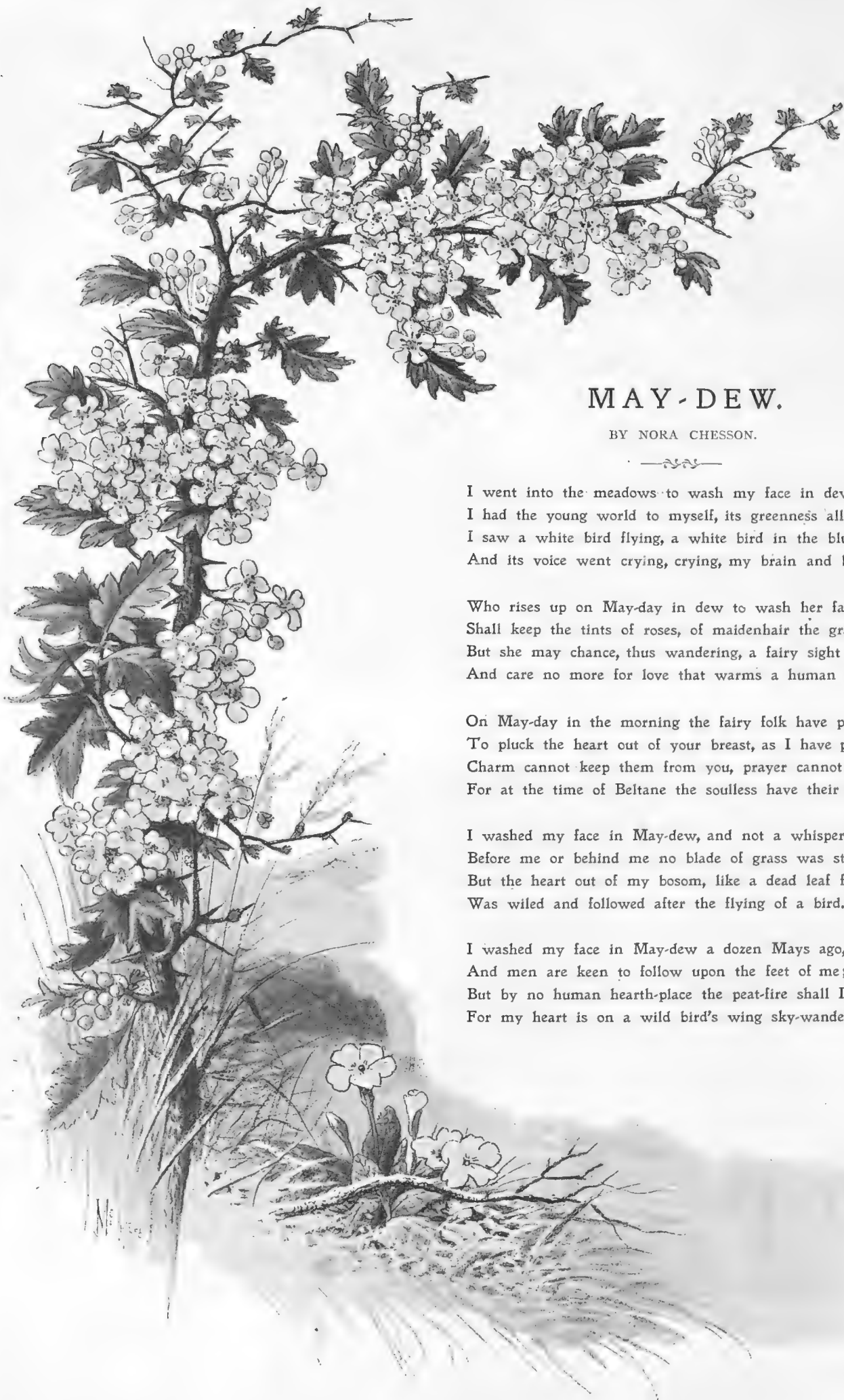


MISS LILIAN ELDÉE, WHO PLAYS FRANCESCA DA RIMINI IN "DANTE" AT DRURY LANE.



MR. FORBES-ROBERTSON.

Photographs by R. W. Thomas, Cheapside.



MAY-DEW.

BY NORA CHESSON.

I went into the meadows to wash my face in dew;
I had the young world to myself, its greenness all for me;
I saw a white bird flying, a white bird in the blue,
And its voice went crying, crying, my brain and body through.

Who rises up on May-day in dew to wash her face
Shall keep the tints of roses, of maidenhair the grace;
But she may chance, thus wandering, a fairy sight to see,
And care no more for love that warms a human dwelling-place.

On May-day in the morning the fairy folk have power
To pluck the heart out of your breast, as I have plucked a flower;
Charm cannot keep them from you, prayer cannot set you free,
For at the time of Beltane the soulless have their hour.

I washed my face in May-dew, and not a whisper heard,
Before me or behind me no blade of grass was stirred;
But the heart out of my bosom, like a dead leaf from a tree,
Was wiled and followed after the flying of a bird.

I washed my face in May-dew a dozen Mays ago,
And men are keen to follow upon the feet of me;
But by no human hearth-place the peat-fire shall I blow,
For my heart is on a wild bird's wing sky-wandering to and fro.

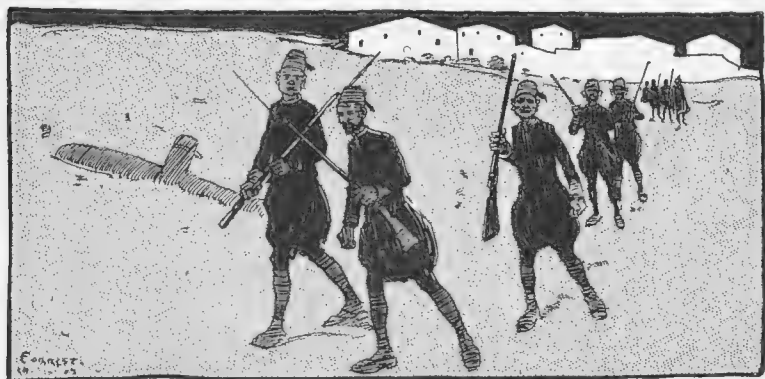
FRESH LEAVES FROM A MOORISH GARDEN

By S. L. BENSUSAN.

Illustrated by R. Forrest.

III.—ON THE BEACH.

SOMETHING unusual was happening on the beach. Since the darkness set in, I had seen the faint outlines of half-a-dozen horsemen riding hard away from the town; out at sea, beyond the edge of the bay, where three ships lay at rest burning stationary lamps, some lights that looked like fallen stars had twinkled for brief



THE PASSING OF THE ASKARS.

moments and disappeared. There was no wind; the incoming tide went about its work almost noiselessly; the silence was broken only on the hill behind the house, where some Moor sang to the accompaniment of his gimbri. From behind the eucalyptus that marks the garden's edge, Salaam Shauni came, noiseless as the tide, his brown jellab hiding him until he was almost by my side. "Yes, sir," he said. It is his form of greeting.

"What news, Salaam?" I said. "Who rides at this time of the night when there is no moon, and whose are the lights that twinkle now and again below the Saints' hill?"

"It is a felucca, sir," said Salaam; "she is full of guns and wants to run them on shore. The men who are to receive them left the Soko at eight o'clock, and an hour later the Basha knew all about it. They say some Moor was cheated by one of the owners of the felucca and went to the Basha. Now the Askars are being sent to line the shore, and there will be some pretty powder-play. The men who rode past go to warn the others who are hiding on the beach. Listen!"

I listened, and heard the tramp of many feet. The Askars, a regiment of trained soldiers, were quartered in the town, and some four or five score were being led down the beach.

"Who guards the shore at night, as a rule?" I said.

"Cassim from the Anjera and Ben Abdullah," replied Salaam. "Abdullah is near," and, so saying, he whistled softly.

A moment later, a very tall man carrying a gun came on to the terrace from the beach and sat down without a word. I could catch faint suggestion of a broad, powerful savage dressed in dark jellab.

"He is my friend; he is Ben Abdullah the Riffian," said Salaam, with enthusiasm. "He is my good friend; he has a bad, black heart. Seven men he has killed, because they were his enemies, and he will kill many more, I think. He loves to kill men."

"Can't you take his gun away, then, Salaam?" I said. "He may think we are his enemies."

"Give me your gun, Abdullah," said Salaam, quietly, and the wild tribesman handed the weapon over without demur.

The lights twinkled again from the sea and were answered from the beach.

"The gun!" cried Ben Abdullah, and ran down from the terrace to the beach in the track of the Askars.

"He is very eager to kill," said Salaam Shauni; "but he may only kill Moors." This last with some faint suspicion of a sigh.

We leaned over the balcony and listened. The tramp was no longer audible, the voices of the Askars were faint in the distance. The Moor on the hill had ceased his song, but the gimbri still wailed in quaint discord to the night.

"Since Bu Hamara came to Taza," mused Salaam, "since he came and turned the bullets of our Lord's guns to sand and the hearts of our Lord's men to water, through his enchantments, the land has been full of guns. They come from many countries, for it is Bu Hamara who calls them. I go up to the mountain, and I see the lights. Every night they come and they go, and the Basha cannot keep them out, with all his soldiers to help him, though men go to the Kasbah and know the stick and the fire and the iron and the living darkness that does not end."

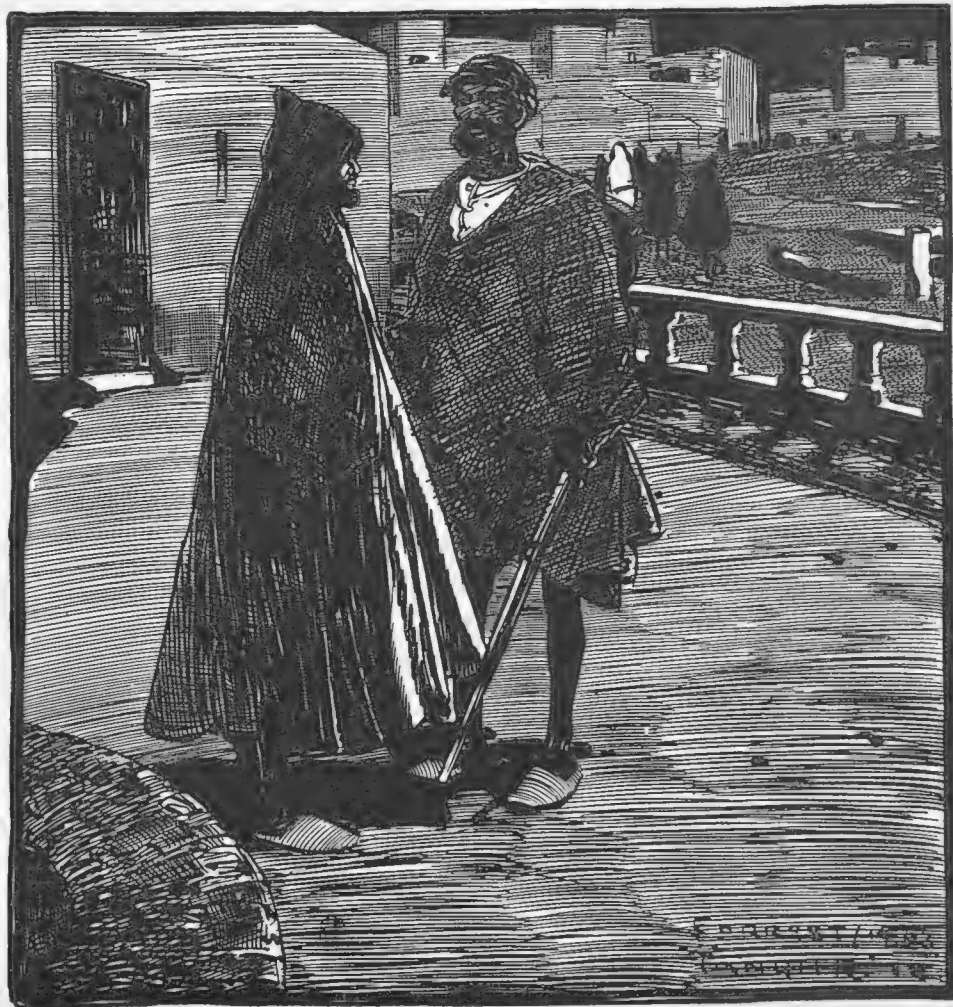
Yet again the felucca showed her lights, this time four in number; it was her last signal, and we saw no other, though we waited very patiently.

Then Salaam went to the other end of the terrace and called to one who passed quietly over the sandy beach. A few words were exchanged.

"He says," said Salaam, as he returned, "that three boats left the felucca, and, when they came near the shore, the boatmen could see the Askars everywhere; so they rowed back as quickly as they could, and the Kaid of the Askars bade his men do nothing; lest there should be Christians in the boats. Now the felucca has gone out to sea again and will not return."

"Good-night, Salaam."

"Yes, sir," he replied, and went his way.



THE MAN WITH THE BAD, BLACK HEART.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

FEW more extraordinary publications than those which Mr. W. M. Rossetti has written about his family have ever been published.

It cannot be denied, however, that they contain interesting matter, and the last volume, which Messrs. Sands are to publish immediately, has its own merits and points. One or two of Dante Rossetti's letters show him in a pleasing light. Thus, when writing about the late W. J. Stillman, who was then on the eve of his second marriage, he says of the bride: "She is a noble girl—in beauty, in sweetness, and in artistic gifts, and the sky should seem very warm and calm above, and the road in front bright and clear, and all ill things left behind for ever, to him who starts anew on his life journey foot to foot and hand in hand with her. . . . I warmly hope that happiness is in store for them both. She is a pearl among women, and there are points in Stillman's character of the manliest and truest I know. His prospects are at present, however, very uncertain."

Mr. W. M. Rossetti superintended for Moxon an edition of Shelley. He had to deal with Bertrand Payne, Moxon's successor, whose career is not quite forgotten in literary London. Payne did not get on well with Tennyson, whose books were then issued by the Moxon firm, and Mr. Rossetti says: "I see it is actually true (as I have been told) that Payne has had the infernal impudence to affix a pair of asses' ears to the portrait of Tennyson hanging in his room at Moxon's." Mr. Swinburne wrote a noble panegyric in the *Fortnightly* on Dante Rossetti's poems. We read that, in spite of reiterated and strenuous protests from Rossetti, Swinburne persisted in retaining in it some passage exalting Rossetti expressly above other contemporary poets. Later on we read that Mr. Swinburne somewhat modified, at Rossetti's urgency, what he had said about Rossetti's superiority to Tennyson. There is a letter by Dante Rossetti which shows that he anticipated for his poems an attack by Mr. Robert Buchanan. Rossetti arranged with his friends to write certain reviews, and announces that "Swinburne's article will be in the May *Fortnightly*, one by Skelton in May *Fraser*, and Top (William Morris), I trust, in May *Academy*. So Buchanan may, let us hope, be caught just in the act."

The new novel by Maarten Maartens will be entitled "Dorothea." It is his longest book and will probably be published in the autumn.

The case against Crabbe—and there is a case—has been stated in the *Saturday Review*. The critic declares that "The Borough" is surely the stodgiest, most prosaic of all prosaic poems ever penned. "It is a directory or guide-book done into couplets. 'The Borough' cannot be called poetry; it is not even literature of the highest order." May we not call in the voice of authority in such cases? Crabbe, as a poet, was loved and admired by Tennyson and Edward Fitzgerald.

Must we not say that their verdict is conclusive?

Is it not time to recognise that criticism cannot be done by rule of thumb, that the true critic must be a born critic, that he must possess a special kind of intuition? Much critical writing of the present day assumes that a man who has read widely, who has studied the best literature, who is willing to judge from the historical and comparative standpoint, who has a method which he thinks safe and reasonable, is entitled to talk as if he were an authority. There is all the difference in the world, however, between a clever reviewer and the critic of genius. The critic of genius may misuse his gift sometimes; he may yield himself to personal or political or theological prejudices, he may even be tempted to display his own cleverness and to attract attention by sheer waywardness. But no one judgment can be considered final. There are certain concurrences of judgment, and this is one of them, against which nothing can be said. The critic who cannot agree should be silent and bewail his shortcomings.

Mrs. Humphry Ward is one of the very few English authors of to-day who are more popular in the United States than in their own country. Of "Lady Rose's Daughter" a first edition of a hundred thousand was printed

in America and almost immediately exhausted, and the publishers hope to sell two hundred thousand copies. Her public in England is also well kept up, but it is not so large as this.

The friends of that great American journalist, E. L. Godkin, of the *Nation* and the *Evening Post*, have collected two thousand pounds for a Lectureship in Harvard College. The income is to be used for the delivery and publication of lectures upon "The Essentials of Free Government and the Duties of the Citizen," or upon some part of that subject, such lectures to be called the Godkin Lectures. There is to be at least one in every year.

O. O.



"POPPING THE QUESTION."—IV. THE JAPANESE STYLE.

FIVE NEW BOOKS.

"PARK LANE."

By PERCY WHITE.
(Constable. 6s.)

Mr. Percy White's latest novel is representative of what is, unfortunately, in this age of excessive "smartness," an extremely rare class of fiction—the Society novel that is "clean." The style is pleasantly, without being theatrically, cynical; there is little of the always obvious juggling with words so practised by the trickster-novelist and so often the cause of disaster; effects are legitimately and naturally obtained; and the *double entendre* is conspicuous only by its absence. The plot turns on a social vendetta between the house of John Tully Drew, financier, of Park Lane and Mark Lane, and moving spirit of the Oloptic Financial Corporation, and the house of Gerald, afterwards Lord, Oxley, neutral ground being represented by Andrew Banfield, brother-in-law to Drew and formerly suitor for Lady Oxley's hand. Hate directs the actions of the one side, hate and despicion those of the other: if Oxley is, as he himself puts it, Drewed to death, Drew is, equally, Oxleyed to death. Crossing this uncongenial atmosphere comes the love of the son of the one family for the daughter of the other—a complication that has been utilised times innumerable by the novelist and dramatist from the days of Shakspeare, but a complication that Mr. White is successful in showing can still be treated with much effect. The principal characters—John Tully Drew, typical of the class of daring financier, who, secure in his egotism, believes in "one-man" Boards; "the honest, prejudiced, affectionate, but wooden Pauline," his wife; Oxley, the diplomatist, who follows his family motto by biding his time; "the charming, flexible Lady Oxley, the accomplished woman of the world"; Sandra Drew, the delightful *ingénue*; Jerry, the "nice," breezy lover; and Andrew Banfield, the amiable, match-making bachelor who tells the story, and who amply proves in his own person that cynicism and the kindest of hearts can go together—are all strongly marked and ably sustained, as, indeed, are the comparatively few subsidiary personages. A warm welcome is sure to await further work of the kind by Mr. Percy White.

"THE GOURMET'S GUIDE TO EUROPE."

By LIEUT.-COL. NEWNHAM-DAVIS AND ALGERNON BASTARD.
(Grant Richards. 3s. 6d.)

The intimate knowledge of men and things possessed by Colonel Newnham-Davis has long been recognised by literary, theatrical, and sporting folk the country over. Readers of *The Sketch* know him as "The Clubman"; readers of the *Sporting Times* know him as "The Dwarf of Blood." He has published novels from his own pen, produced plays from his own pen, and acted with every well-known amateur Company in Great Britain and India. Of all his achievements, however, the most amazing is "The Gourmet's Guide to Europe," as colossal a work in its way as "Who's Who" or "Bradshaw's Railway Guide." As the gallant Colonel points out in his modest Preface, such a publication as this will take years to perfect, but, even in its present form, there is a vast amount of information that will prove invaluable to travellers. No town or city is too remote for the authors to deal with; no detail is too insignificant to come under their notice. We should strongly advise every reader with a regard for his stomach to buy a copy of "The Gourmet's Guide," and take care to pop it into his bag whenever he ventures abroad.

"THE PASSION OF MAHAEL."

By LILIAN BOWEN-ROWLANDS.
(Fisher Unwin. 6s.)

Miss Bowen-Rowlands has been called the "Welsh Barrie," and in her new story she keeps up the high level attained by her in "The Piteousness of Passing Things." "The Passion of Mahael" is a powerful and dignified picture of the primeval passion of a man for a maid, and of its effect not only upon the humble fisherman-hero and the wayward heroine, but also on those, the man's mother and wife, who were fated to be the onlookers of the drama. The figure of the young wife, Lisbeth, is, unconsciously perhaps, made far more sympathetic and touching than that of either of the lovers, and very moving is the account of how she received the news that her husband had left her, unable to stay his flood of passion for the girl whom he had always loved and from whom he had been unwisely separated by his determined, intelligent old mother. Miss Bowen-Rowlands, here, as in her former story, fills her canvas with many varied figures. Very carefully drawn, for instance, is Phœbe's mother, Mrs. Walters—a curious contrast to Mahael's mother, Anne Roche; but perhaps the best pen-portrait is that of the Widow Scurlock, "with whom it were vain to act a part, vain to assume a chilling defiance, or a proud credibility towards the erring absent." The chapel plays its due part in this sad, curious study of human life, and in one of the most powerful passages of the book is described the direct condemnation by the minister of Mahael and Phœbe in the presence of their fellow-villagers, including the wife who was so unwilling to believe evil. The man had not been present with his fellow-sinner to hear the rebuke, but the next day the minister met

him and had his say, and this again gives the opportunity for a telling scene and some good character-drawing. In some ways this story is curiously reminiscent of the one great French writer, Pierre Loti, who has known how to interpret the Breton fisher-folk; but his work makes a stronger appeal than does that of Miss Bowen-Rowlands, because it is at once more direct and less spun-out. "The Passion of Mahael" would have greatly gained had the volume been a third less long.

"STUDIES IN CONTEMPORARY BIOGRAPHY."

By JAMES BRYCE.
(Macmillan. 10s.)

Mr. Bryce's lucid and penetrating style has found ample opportunity in his series of biographical studies of men who were great figures in the nineteenth century. The book opens and closes, appropriately enough, with essays on the two greatest political antagonists of the period, Disraeli and Gladstone. The Disraeli sketch possesses, of course, a peculiar interest, inasmuch as it comes from the pen of one who holds a very different political creed, but, as was to be expected, it is splendidly fair. Between the views which Mr. Bryce takes of Disraeli and of Gladstone there exists a curious parallelism. He finds that a great deal may be explained in the characters of both statesmen from the fact that they were not Englishmen. In Disraeli's case that may have been obvious enough, but there is a striking significance in the author's contention that in Gladstone, despite his birth in Liverpool and education at Eton and Christ Church, the racial tendencies of the Scot triumphed. The view of the two statesmen, each curiously detached from the temper of the nation whose destinies they swayed, is presented with admirable freshness and power. Opposition has not blinded the author to Disraeli's virtues, but personal attachment to Gladstone has—inevitably, perhaps—heightened the panegyric on the Liberal Leader to the exclusion of certain traits that a dispassionate critic would have noted. The book also contains papers on Dean Stanley, William Robertson Smith, Trollope, J. R. Green, T. H. Green, Charles Stewart Parnell, and others, all written with the same verve and sympathetic insight.

"THE ADVENTURES OF HARRY REVEL."

By A. T. QUILLER-COUCH.
(Cassell. 6s.)

The casual novel-reader, who is accustomed to judge a book by its title, will jump to the conclusion that "The Adventures of Harry Revel" is a book for boys. For once in a way, the casual novel-reader will be right. This latest work of Mr. Quiller-Couch's is admirably adapted for the school library—or would be, were it not for a few stray oaths and one or two rather coarse expressions. The plot of the book somewhat resembles the dormitory tale of our youth. We can easily imagine the wakeful schoolboy retailing the story. "Once upon a time," he would say, "there was a chap called Harry Revel. Of course, he wasn't really called Harry Revel, because he was a foundling, and foundlings don't have names. But the matron of the Foundling Hospital, rather a decent sort, took a fancy to him and called him that. Well, when he left the Foundling Hospital, he was apprenticed to a sweep and had to climb up chimneys on the inside. One day, when he was climbing a chimney in the house of an old miser, he came across a dead body, and the next thing he saw was a man on the roof. He was in an awful funk that he would be suspected of the murder, so he ran away and got on board a boat. Then he was put ashore without any clothes and went through a lot more adventures, and at last he enlisted and got wounded and came home, and that's all. Good-night, you chaps. I'm sleepy." The more mature reader will find some very charming bits of writing in the volume, but these oases of literature are so few and far between that he will be in danger of fainting by the way. The author, in his Preface, deliberately threatens us with more of Master Harry. We sincerely hope that the boy will not be the father to the man.

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AFTER THE PRIVATE VIEW.

TIRESOME FRIEND: Got anything in the Academy?

EMINENT ARTIST (*peevishly*): Yes.

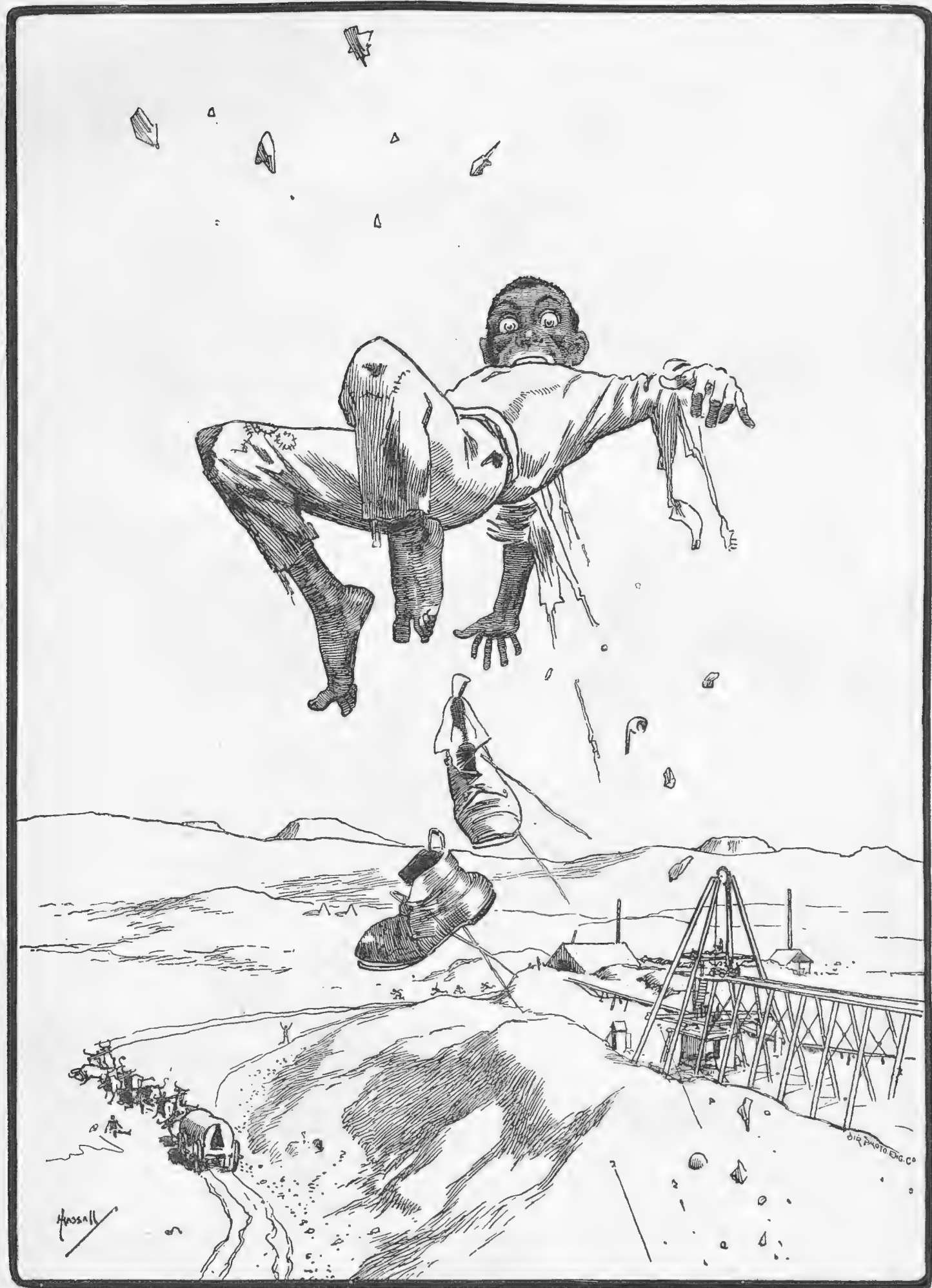
TIRESOME FRIEND: Good! What do you call it?

EMINENT ARTIST: A headache.

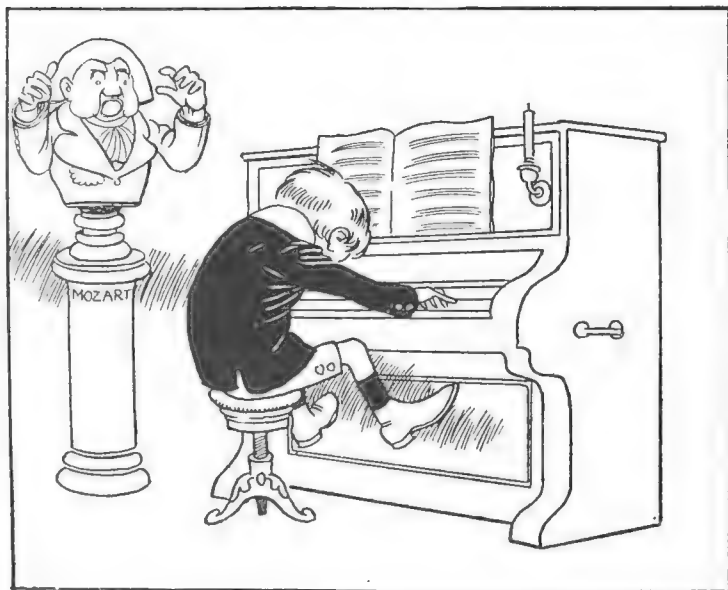
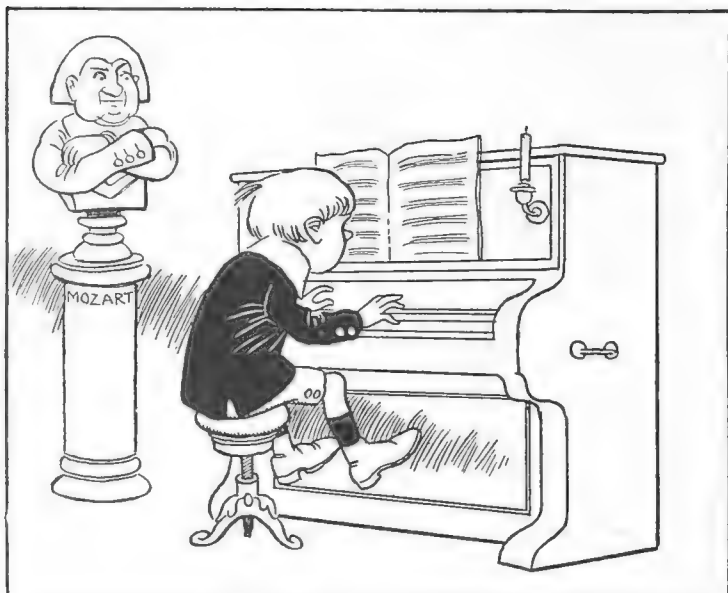
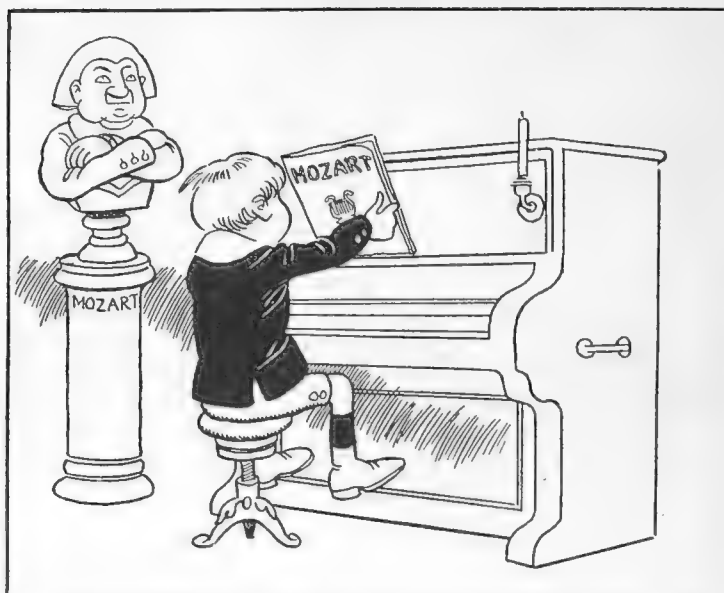
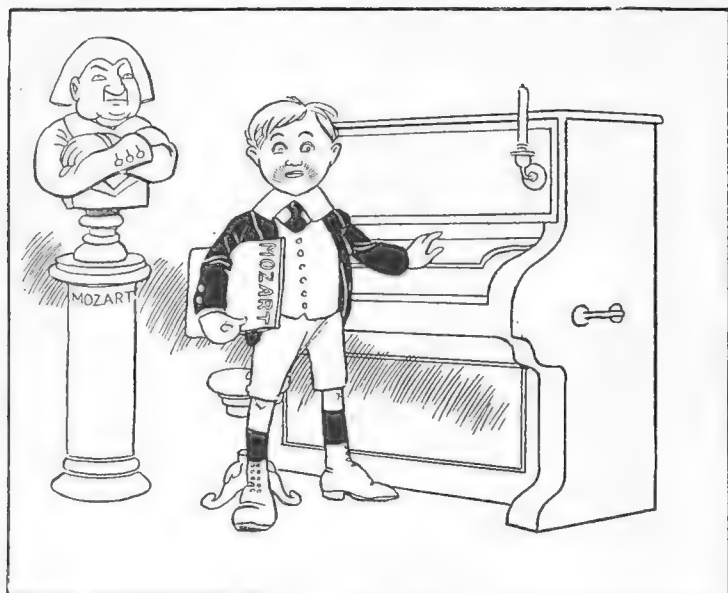
DRAWN BY TOM BROWNE.

NEWSPAPER HEADINGS.

AS INTERPRETED BY JOHN HASSALL.



X.—“MINING REPORT.”



A STORY WITHOUT WORDS.

BY RENÉ BULL.

A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL.

BERTIE AND HIS OUTLOOK.

By JOHN WORNE.



"Then, I suppose, our engagement is to be at an end?" said Bertie.

"Certainly," Eva replied, coldly.

"It seems a pity," he said; "it was pleasant enough while it lasted."

"I have been thinking over it for some time," she went on, "and I have come to the conclusion that I could never marry one who was so—so heartlessly frivolous."

"Who was talking about marrying?" murmured Bertie.

"We look at things," she said, "from different points of view; we should be utterly wanting in the sympathy which there ought to be between husband and wife."

"Yes," he said, thrusting his hands into his pockets; "there is that danger, I suppose, whenever people marry."

"Your outlook upon life has often revolted me lately."

"Didn't know I had one," he said, gloomily. "I used to be quite healthy when I was a kid."

"So I have decided that we had better part. I think you must agree with me."

"Oh, quite, quite!" he said, walking to the window. "If you say so, of course, I'm helpless. A fellow can't be engaged all by himself." He gazed into the street for a few moments in silence. "I say, talking of outlooks, it's hardly for you to be rough on them, considering what you've got here of your own. Fog, slush, two umbrellas, a dripping policeman—Oh, policeman!" He sighed, thinking of happier times and halfpenny nap in a Superintendent's back-parlour. Then he turned and came towards her. "I suppose you understand," he said, slowly, "that this is rather a blow?"

"I am very sorry," she replied, "but it is better so."

"Perhaps," he said, with sadness. "What is the other man's name?"

"What other man?" she asked, quickly.

"The sympathetic man with the jolly outlook."

She flushed and said, with warmth, "There is no other man!"

"No?" he said, surprised. "I could understand and forgive your throwing me over for somebody else—that's natural; but to say, 'Go away and break your heart: I don't like your outlook,' well—it's a little—er—unusual, isn't it?"

"It is best for both of us," she said. She was finding it very difficult.

"Oh, quite, quite!" he replied. "I'm not saying you're wrong." He toyed with his gloves, making preparations for departure.

"You will burn all my letters, of course? I shouldn't like them to be lying about and get into the newspapers."

"Yes," she said.

"Or, if you want to publish them in book form, wait till you hear of my death. I don't suppose it will be delayed much longer now."

"Yes," she replied, faintly. There was a pause.

"Well," he said, "I suppose I'd better say good-bye."

"Good-bye," she said.

"We can still be friends, of course, and all that?"

"Of course!"

"All right; and I'll come to you whenever I'm in trouble or anything."

He had got one glove on, and was blowing into the other and making it stand out straight. She was looking away from him, but heard the sounds and thought they signified emotion.

"By the way," he said, "I suppose we keep this a secret?"

"Keep what a secret?" she asked.

"Our—our disengagement, you know."

"I must tell mother."

"Of course; but we needn't let the world know till we've got more used to it."

"No," she said.

He was at the door, but stopped again. "See you at the Farboroughs' dance to-night?" he asked.

"I may be there," she said.

"Right!" he replied, and passed out of the room and her life. From the window she watched him hail a cab and drive away, and, though she could not help feeling sorry, she was conscious of having done her duty both to herself and him. It had been a happy dream and must now be forgotten. A man who took life so lightly, however attractive he might be for a time, was not a companion to whom a girl ought thoughtlessly to allow herself to be united for ever. She blamed herself for not having seen all this before and spared him the pain he obviously felt when she so cruelly dismissed him. But the demands of duty could never be fulfilled without pain to somebody. She doubted whether she ought to go to the Farboroughs', but she had promised to be there and did not like to disappoint the Duchess. She would go for a short time.

She went. He was already there. Under the circumstances, she was rather surprised to see him. He was taking one of the Noreham girls towards the ball-room, and he bowed and smiled cheerfully to her as he passed. She particularly disliked the Noreham girls. It felt strange not to have him at her side at once, securing all the dances he could. She was not quite sure whether she liked the new sensation or not. It was a little tightening round the heart. She danced two dances with people in whom she felt no interest, and whenever she saw him she wondered at the remarkable way in which he was able to conceal his aching wound.

About half-an-hour after her arrival, he happened to be standing near her, uttering pleasant nonsense to Lady Enid, the daughter of the house. He seemed to be enjoying himself. A man walked off with Lady Enid, and Bertie looked round the room. His eye fell upon Eva, and he came up, smiling.

"Ah, my dear Miss Rowen, how do you do? Great crowd. Just come?"

"No," she said; "I've been here some time."

"No—really? Curious that I haven't seen you; but there are so many people, aren't there? May I have a dance?" They danced the waltz that was just beginning. He soon found out that she had been to the Academy and was a great admirer of Wagner. So was he—clever beggar, he thought him. Wondered how the fellow ever remembered what the violins were doing while he was jotting down airs for the drums; though some of the things they did in "The Toreador" were nearly as tricky. Had she read many novels lately? Jolly waltz they were playing! "Blue Danube," wasn't it? Yes. Confound the fellow! Hoped she wasn't hurt. No, he hadn't got a pin. Why not simply tear it all off? So sorry! Sit out the rest? Certainly.

So they retired to a quiet corner of the conservatory.

There he laboriously began the same kind of conversation, and she, having up till now answered chiefly in monosyllables, said, "Don't be foolish, Mr. Pilkingham!"

"I'm sorry, Miss Rowen," he said; "but the fact is, I'm not quite sure at what degree of acquaintance we have arrived."

"I don't think you can expect me to define it," she said.

"Well," said Bertie, reproachfully, "you arranged this picnic; you should know more about it than I do."

"I don't think we need be quite so distant: it sounds rather idiotic."

"Very well," said Bertie, huffed; "it was quite up to the level of my usual conversation on first introductions, though."

"Oh, I didn't mean that!" she said, hastily. "I mean, as we've known each other so many years—"

"I see. Well, I'm glad you put it in that way, because I have something rather—rather delicate to ask you, something I couldn't ask a complete stranger."

"What is it?" she said, in a low voice, not quite knowing whether she hoped or feared. He hesitated.

"The fact is, I should rather like you to return me the ring I once gave you—er—you may perhaps remember—"

"Oh, certainly!" she said. She had forgotten all about it; it was still on her finger. She handed it to him. "I am sorry; of course, I meant to return it to you this afternoon. How foolish of me!"

There was just a trace of disappointment in her tone.

She would have liked at least one more attack made upon her sense of duty. Not that she would have yielded, of course.

"No," said Bertie, "it was rather strange of me to ask for it. But the fact is, I want it just now for a special reason."

He held it between his thumb and forefinger and looked at it tenderly. She saw that the attack was coming, and rejoiced.

"What reason?" she said, almost in a whisper.

"Well," he said, "as we are on such friendly terms, I don't mind confiding it to you. You see that tall girl in blue over there, under that scrubby green stuff?"

"Maude Noreham!" said Eva, startled.

"Yes. Fact is, I've got the next dance with her, and it struck me that she's such a ripping girl that I've decided to ask her to marry me, and on occasions like that it is always useful, I find, to have the ring ready, you know."

"Oh!" said Eva. She could think of nothing more to say.

"As you are a sort of a sister, you know," he went on, dreamily, "I don't mind telling you how passionately I love her. It is so nice to have somebody to confide in, in a case like this—somebody sympathetic. You know Maude?"

"Yes," said Eva, in a choking voice.

"Isn't she a dear girl? Isn't she perfect? Did you ever see such hair, such eyes, such an outlook? And her disposition is so sweet!"

"I think you've—you've made a very good choice." Eva was making a heroic effort to see things in the common-sense light; to a sister all this should be interesting, nothing more.

"I'm glad you are pleased," he said. "I value your opinion more highly than that of any other friend I've got. So you advise me to do it?"

"Oh, yes!" she said, with hollow cheerfulness.

"Thank you, thank you so much!" he said, shaking her hand earnestly and looking into her eyes. "Isn't that the next dance beginning?"

They rose and went into the ball-room. Before they parted, he insisted on another dance later. Then he went off with a light heart in search of Maude Noreham.

Eva had a headache. She determined to go home, and looked round for her mother, but was claimed for the next dance by an elderly gentleman who would take no refusal. This gave her time to reflect that flight would be cowardice. Bertie was quite within his rights, though hasty. And she was fortunate to have got rid of a man who could see anything in that horsey Noreham creature. It was simply a confirmation of the opinion she had already formed about him. So the dreary entertainment went on.

Her next partner, a cheerful young man, said, "Have you heard the news about Maude Noreham?"

Her heart sank, in spite of all her determination. "About—about—her engagement?" she asked, faintly.

"Yes," said her partner. "Lucky beggar, isn't he?"

She didn't know what reply she made, nor what they talked about for the rest of that dance. She only knew that, in order to do this so suddenly, Bertie and that—that person must have had an understanding for months before . . . must have simply been waiting for the opportunity . . . must have—oh, the villainous treachery of it all!

And with her ring!

At last the music stopped. "Would you mind—finding my mother for me?" she said, with difficulty keeping back the tears; "I—I—think we must go."

Her partner was very sorry and hoped she wasn't feeling faint.

She thought it must be the heat. But her mother was nowhere to be seen. After wandering about in a vain search, they came to the supper-room: there they found her with the Duke of Farborough, and her partner bowed and left her, in quest of a more cheerful occupation.

"Mother, I really think we had better go now," she began, when her eye fell on a familiar figure. Bertie was standing at the table. Though munching a sandwich, he looked the picture of hopeless misery.

"Why, dear?" said her mother.

"Nonsense, nonsense!" said the Duke; "I couldn't allow such a thing: the next is my dance with Mrs. Rowen."

And they went away and left her helpless and alone.

Bertie came slowly towards her, mournfully rubbing crumbs off his gloves. His step was heavy; it seemed as if the light had gone out of his life for ever. He spoke as one irrevocably and irremediably crushed.

"I think the next is our dance, Miss Rowen," he said, offering his arm.

What was she to do? She took it and they walked towards the ball-room in silence.

"Do you want to dance this?" he asked, in hollow tones.

"Just as you like," she replied.

"I do not feel," said Bertie, "as if I should ever want to dance again." He took her to the conservatory and they sat down in the same corner as before. He groaned and put his head on his hands. She waited, with some surprise.

"Oh for a little sympathy!" he moaned.

"I should have thought you expected congratulations." She spoke with a touch of bitterness.

"Congratulations!" he exclaimed, savagely. "Congratulations! Listen! I can come to you in my trouble, can I not?"

She said nothing.

"Did I tell you how I loved Maude?"

"Yes," she said.

"Yes," he went on, "I thought I had mentioned it to somebody. Well—" He paused. She waited.

"Well," he said, raising his head wearily, "I asked her if she would marry me." He paused again. "Was there anything unreasonable in that?" he exclaimed, fiercely.

"What—what did she say?" faltered Eva.

"Say!" he replied; and then went on, in a monotonous wail of anguish: "She said, 'Ta, dear boy, but I'm suited. Didn't I tell you before?' Just as if I were an errand-boy applying for a situation!"

"What did she mean by 'Didn't I tell you before?'"

"I don't know," he said, gloomily. "Oh, I believe she *had* said something earlier in the evening about just having got engaged to Lord Daren. If she had, I had forgotten all about it."

"Then she *wasn't* engaged to you?" said Eva, with some excitement.

"Not when I last heard of the matter," he said. "Have you any later news?"

Eva was fanning herself vigorously. He looked up at her with the corner of one eye, and, though his face was contracted with grief, there was a suspicion of a twinkle in the far corner of the other.

"I believe you're pleased," he said, reproachfully.

"No, I'm not," she said. "I'm very sorry for you."

"That's the way with sisters—they always object to people their brothers choose."

"You can choose anybody you like," she said.

He took his programme from his pocket, and said, reflectively, "I don't think I'll make another shot to-night, though! Let's see who I've got." He ran his eye down the list and ticked off two or three names. "What do you say to Miss Vanning? But I don't think I know her quite well enough to suggest it. There's Enid Stafford, of course. I think I love *her* very much. Isn't she a charming girl?"

"Yes," said Eva.

"Do you happen to know?" he said, anxiously, "whether she has a nice outlook?" Eva did not reply: she was still fanning herself. "It's worse than choosing a motor-car," he sighed. "Why can't one hire an expert to choose a wife?" He shook his head. "And yet I must, I must."

"Why in such a hurry?" asked Eva. "I should take a day or two to look round."

"But it's so uncomfortable to feel oneself hanging about loose and liable to be snapped up at any moment. Besides, I'm not like other men: other men, when they meet some sudden and terrible disaster, fly to drink. Drink is so vulgar; I fly to matrimony."

"And have *you* had a disaster?" she asked, with sisterly interest, still fanning herself.

"Disaster!" he said, dolefully. "Listen! For three months I had been engaged to the perfectest, beautifullest, sweetest darling in the whole world—er—You don't mind my confiding to you my personal affairs like this?"

She said nothing, but felt warm and comfortable and happy for the first time that evening.

"Allow me to fan you," he said, taking her fan. "Well, it's a sad story. I was saying she was the perfectest—and so on, don't you know—"

"I don't think I quite caught the description," she said.

"I said she was the perfectest, beautifullest, sweetest, adorablest darling anybody ever met anywhere. I think of her even now with some tenderness. But this doesn't interest you, Miss Rowen?"

"Did she die?" said Eva, with sympathy. "Please don't brush my nose with the feathers."

"No, she didn't exactly die. She drew herself erect, with a flashing eye, looking magnificent—pardon an unhappy man's reminiscences, won't you?—and she said, 'Go! Out into blank, dismal, dreary darkness.' Now, why? Because I was a murderer? Not a bit of it. Because I was unkind to my aged parents? No. Because I was already married? Not even that. You won't believe it, but it was simply and solely because there was something gone groggy in my outfit—"

"I think I hear the next dance beginning," said Eva, rising.

"Yes? By the way, just put this ring on, will you? I shall lose it if I keep it in my pocket."

So she put it on.

"This is our dance?" said Bertie.

"I think so," she replied.

"And all the rest?"

"If you like."

"Including extras?"

"Including the extras. And I hope," she added, "that I've taught you a lesson, dear."

"*You've* taught *me* a lesson?" he said, puzzled. And then, repentantly, "Ah, oh! Yes, of course! I am very sorry—I will never do it again."



HEARD IN THE GREEN-ROOM



Now that Sir Henry Irving's production of Sardou and Moreau's "Dante" has come to pass at Drury Lane, we must prepare to hear more of that other "Dante" drama of which I informed *Sketch* readers so long ago, namely, Mr. Alfred C. Calmour's. Although this "Dante" is not due until mid-June, when it is to be produced by the energetic Mr. R. Flanagan at that latest Shaksperian Manchester playhouse, the Queen's, yet it is several years older than the Sardou-Moreau "Dante." As a matter of fact, Mr. Calmour wrote his "Dante" eleven or twelve years ago, and submitted it to the late Mr. Gladstone, who approved of the play highly.

On the first-night of the Irving "Dante" I had a chat with Mr. Calmour, who was, of course, present to see what some call "the rival 'Dante.'" On that occasion I learned that Mr. Calmour relies upon a straightforward Beatrice-Dante love-story, unhampered by any great spectacular displays. Neverthe-

As "Dante" dramas, like Dickens dittos, are now the fashion, it would not surprise me to find some Dantean enthusiast reviving the "Dante" play which was written a few years ago by Dr. Dabbs, of the Isle of Wight, and the late Mr. Edward Righton.

As regards Dickens dramas, yet another one will be seen next Monday (the 11th inst.) at the Grand Theatre, Islington. This will be "No Thoroughfare," and will be the first dramatisation of this Charles-Dickens-Wilkie-Collins story seen in London since the Adelphi version produced towards the end of 1867. That version, I remember, drew large audiences to the Adelphi for several months, thanks principally to the respective fine impersonations of Obenreizer, Joey Ladle, Sally Goldstraw, and Wilding, by Fechter, Ben Webster, Mrs. Alfred Mellon, and Henry Neville. The new dramatisation of "No Thoroughfare" is by Mr. Oswald Brand, who will play Obenreizer himself.

"No Thoroughfare" is to be followed at the Grand, Islington, some few weeks later, by a dramatisation of the often-dramatised "Bleak House," by the same adapter. I have also to report three

new "David Copperfield" plays about to be produced. These are respectively by Mr. Ben Landeck, Mr. W. H. Day, and Mr. Wilson Barrett. Only Mr. Day's has been definitely named. This is at present called "Peggoty's Darling."

The Dickens Fellowship, under the ægis of Mr. Percy Fitzgerald, has created a renewed interest in the Dickens dramas. Among the many adapters of the great novelist's works, Andrew Halliday Duff stood pre-eminent. "Little Em'ly" was one of Halliday's most successful plays; and as revived at the Lyric, Hammersmith, under the careful management of Mr. John M. East, it should be of considerable interest to the younger generation of playgoers. With excellent scenery by Mr. G. Herbert Wallis, and well acted by Mr. Wright, Mr. Dryden, Mr. Hardy, Mrs. Beecher, Miss Mal-yon, Miss Wright, Miss Lewes, and other members of a numerous Company, the success of "Little Em'ly" should be assured.

Mr. Tree has shifted the date of his trial of the Laureate's Scotch historical play, "Flodden Field," from June 1 to June 5. This indefatigable actor-manager has been considering certain other Shaksperian productions for future use, such as "The Merchant of Venice" and "The Tempest," the last-named being a play which I long ago mentioned as having a fascination for him. In the meantime, however, Mr. Tree adheres, he assures me, to his resolution to make "Richard the Second" his next Shaksperian production, as I always said he would.

Mr. J. B. Mulholland has acquired from Mr. Alfred Sutro a three-Act farce called "Arethusa," the production of which has been fixed for May 25 at the King's Theatre. Important parts have been allotted to Miss Holford Beringer, Miss Annie Goward, Mr. Charles Fawcett, and Mr. E. M. Robson. Mr. Sutro has recently been very successful in work of a more serious kind, but "The Chili Widow" will be remembered as an example of his lighter vein, and his playlet, "Carrots," in which Mr. and Mrs. Forbes-Robertson have so often appeared, has also attained much success both here and in America.



MISS GEORGIE LENO, DAUGHTER OF MR. DAN LENO.

Photograph by Langfieri, Old Bond Street, W.

less, the piece will, of course, be admirably mounted as well as powerfully cast by Mr. Flanagan. I also had a chat with Mr. Calmour's



MR. EUGENE STRATTON (WITHOUT HIS BLACK).

Photograph by Langfieri, Old Bond Street, W.



MARIE LLOYD AND HER DAUGHTER.

Photograph by Langfieri, Old Bond Street, W.

Dante impersonator, Mr. Cooper-Cliffe, who tells me that he regards the character as drawn with considerable power.

KEY-NOTES

THE Opera Season, as these words go to press, is open and not open. That is to say, the real opening was fixed for Monday (May 4), while a preliminary send-off in the shape of a performance of Wagner's "Ring" occupied the week before. It would appear that this prelude was intended to show that the Syndicate really meant business, so far as Wagner was concerned. It is an extremely humorous matter to note how often the things that belong to the chapter which might be headed "Success in Spite of Poverty" may, in the long run, be summed up in a second chapter, entitled "Riches Because of Success." Think of the ages ago, when the bare idea of a Wagner production in England—unless, indeed, one considers quite the earliest work of the Master, "Tannhäuser," "Lohengrin," and the like—given under honoured circumstances would have been enough to empty the Opera House and to arouse the jeers of every critic who belonged to any paper that had a tradition to cling to.

We have changed all that now. Wagner seems just to have become easy enough and yet hard enough to make the Covent Garden Syndicate feel that in mounting his most elaborate work, "Der Ring des Nibelungen," a limit of industry has been reached. And the Syndicate is quite right. The performance of "Das Rheingold" last week was admirable in every respect. The scenery was wonderfully beautiful. One was not quite sure if the substitution of snow-shoes for cables (if the phrase may be used concerning the movements of the Rhine Maidens) was altogether an improvement; nevertheless, the device served, and the would-be kind criticism of the gentleman who was glad that the "maidens did not look like fish in an Aquarium" was so far wrong both in fact and in theory that they did not really look as like such fish as they should have looked, and that had they looked a little less dissimilar they would have been really good subject for possibly an unfriendly remark.

Mr. Van Dyck's Loge must be mentioned with very especial words of praise. It was instinct with vitality and with humour; he was here and there, as befitted the Spirit of Fire, at all times proving himself to possess a thorough realisation of the part at all its points. Herr Bertram was a good, but perhaps not a sufficiently dignified Wotan; and the part of Mime was filled by Herr Lieban with amazing insight and with a miraculous sense of its sheer ugliness. Alberich, again, is always a very difficult part to endow with the right sort of mingling of cunning, craft, fury, and selfishness. Mr. Krasa as nearly as possible accomplished that feat to admiration. "Die Walküre" of Wednesday was in many respects a sumptuous performance. Van Dyck's Siegmund was very fine, and Fräulein Zimmermann made a really good Sieglinde, although, like most actresses and singers who attempt the part, she could not get away from its unavoidable weakness. Miss Fremstad's Fricka—a most unsympathetic part, as we all allow—was excellent; and the orchestra, under Richter, came through a difficult ordeal with flying colours. The staging was in every respect excellent.

A Beethoven Recital must always arouse a great deal of interest, and a few days ago Mr. Frederic Lamond gave, at the Bechstein Hall, the first of a series of these recitals. (It may be added that Beethoven this season stands very much in the artistic forefront.) Mr. Lamond is well known on the Continent as a most successful interpreter of Beethoven, and he certainly made a very deep impression on this occasion. In his playing of the Sonata in C Major (Waldstein: Op. 53) he was little short of magnificent, realising as he did quite to its full all the beauty and depth of this great work; and in

the Sonata "Appassionata" he was equally successful. Indeed, his playing of these two works was so engrossing in every way that he almost made one forget to be critical. Again, in his playing of the Sonata in A-flat Major (Op. 110) his rendering was especially noticeable, showing as it did how deeply he had thought out the whole matter of this wonderful music. Mr. Lamond is a delicate, brilliant, and intellectual player, and his recitals for the present month will be followed with much interest.

Last week, the Joachim Quartet, consisting of Herr Joachim himself, MM. Carl Halir, Emmanuel Wirth, and Robert Haussmann, started their series of six concerts at the St. James's Hall. The first concert consisted entirely of Beethoven Quartets—as has already been suggested, Beethoven is "on the town"—those in C Minor (Op. 18, No. 4), F Major (Op. 135, posthumous), and C Major (Op. 59, No. 3). In listening to the first Quartet, it was quite impossible not to feel that Herr Joachim had passed the heyday of a career that in the past had done so much to encourage all music; with all this, however, one realised how very thoroughly he understood Beethoven. In their playing of the Quartet in C Minor these artists made one realise Beethoven in a youthful mood; and who shall say that, by this achievement, they did not accomplish quite a remarkable feat?

At the second concert of the series, this same combination played a Haydn Quartet (Op. 17, No. 5) most charmingly, recalling all the freshness of this composer's art. Brahms's Quintet in F Major (Op. 88) for two violins, two violas, and violoncello—Mr. Alfred Gibson taking the second viola—was given "by request," this again being rendered with a combination of strength and skill. In their playing, however, of Beethoven's Quartet in C-sharp Minor these players really reached their high-water mark, playing with great unanimity and considerable spirit.

Under the conductorship of Mr. Henry Wood, Herr Rudolf Zwintscher gave an orchestral concert at the St. James's Hall last Tuesday afternoon. He played the solo-pianoforte part in Beethoven's Concerto for that instrument and orchestra, and also a Concerto for pianoforte and orchestra written by himself; it is not to be denied that this is an extremely clever composition, the "Adagio cantabile," indeed, amounting almost to a work of genius. Mr. Denis O'Sullivan sang a series of songs of Mr. Zwintscher's own composition, all of which proved very interesting, while some may even be described as masterly.

Mr. Frank Lambert gave a concert at the Bechstein Hall a few afternoons ago, at which Miss Marie Tempest sang two of his songs, one entitled "Forethought," the other "Speak but one word." Vocally she was quite charming, displaying all her usual refinement of manner. Mr. Maurice Farkoa sang "Le Petit Gregoire" with a delicious sentiment of comedy mingled with pathos, although the regrettable announcement was made that he was suffering from a very severe cold. Miss Evelyn Stuart was the solo pianist of the afternoon.

COMMON CHORD.

Among those singers who are fast becoming great popular favourites, Madame Kirkby Lunn takes a leading place, and the news that she would take part in the "Ring" at Covent Garden was gratifying to all those who desire to see Wagner sung only by the best singers. Like every artist who has won success, Madame Kirkby Lunn is devoted to her profession. Her home is in London, but some of her greatest successes have been scored in the New World.



MADAME KIRKBY LUNN AS FRICKA.

Photograph by Dupont, New York.



The Forthcoming Gordon Bennett Cup Race.

THE Elimination Trials of the four cars entered to the Automobile Club for competition for the honour of forming one of the three automobiles which will strive to keep the artistic Gordon Bennett trophy on the sideboard in the smoking-room at 119, Piccadilly, which were held on Saturday, 25th, and Monday, 27th ult., resulted in the selection of the 35 horse-power Napier driven by Mr. J. W. Stocks, the old long-distance champion cyclist, who at Clipstone made his first bow to the British public as a chauffeur of the first water. The Hon. C. S. Rolls and Mr. Mark Mayhew did exceedingly well, but the averages of the flying kilometres, the standing miles, and the hill-climbs up the Dashwood slope of the Chilterns in the cold, grey dawn of last Monday week left the palm with the long-distance cyclist. Without giving the results of all these trials, which have appeared *ad nauseam* in the columns of the Daily and the Automobile Press, I think I may venture upon the final award, made by means of a somewhat complicated calculation of the averages of all the trials. Stocks' car having done the best computed performance over an estimated course of sixteen miles, the time occupied by it in covering that distance is set down as zero, Mr. Rolls taking 50½ sec., Mr. Mayhew 2 min. 19 sec., and Mr. Lisle (the Star car) 3 min. 22 sec. longer to cover it. The times of the flying kilometre, standing mile, and hill-climb are not divulged, as that would be but tabling one's cards to the enemy.

preceding it, as in the latter portion the cars had to be driven over the fearful road-surfaces of the Arlberg Pass.

Now the race this year is, by authorisation of a special Statute which passed without a single dissentient voice through both Houses of Parliament, to be held on July 2 next, on Irish soil. After much seeking, the members of the Automobile Club of Great Britain and Ireland have selected a fairly suitable but, unfortunately, not a straight-away course in the Midlands of Ireland, over which the Gordon Bennett Cup will be lost or won this year. The course is of rather a zigzag character, and, though possessing some fine, long stretches of straight, wide, good-surfaced road upon which the competing cars can be speeded to their uttermost, yet presents some very sharp, nay, almost unnegotiable corners, which will require the greatest care to circumscribe at any speed. The course is divided into the eastern and western circuits, the former starting from the Kilcullan Cross-roads, and passing through Kilgowan, Timolin, Castledermot, and Carlow, to Athy and the starting-point, which will be traversed three times, while the western circuit, leaving from the same point, goes via Curragh Corner, Kildare, Monasterevin, Stradbally, Corbally House, and Athy, back to starting-point. This circuit is covered once, the total mileage of the whole course amounting to 368 miles 765 yards, with a little over sixteen miles of slow portions and controls.

The Automobile Clubs of Great Britain, France, and Germany have each entered three cars, the first-named Club running three

Napiers, France two Panhards and a Mors, and the Fatherland three Mercedes cars by the Cannstadt Daimler Company. All these cars, no matter their horse-power, must be under one thousand kilogrammes with tanks empty and accumulators off. The Panhards, Mors, and Mercedes are, I understand, of much greater horse-power than the Napiers, but, considering the course to be driven and the comparative lightness of the home-built cars, that is rather in our favour than otherwise. The Napier cars will be driven by Messrs. S. F. Edge, Charles Jarrott, and J. W. Stocks, while Fournier, the winner of the Paris-Bordeaux race of 1901, René de Knyff, who scored in the great tour of France in 1899, and Maurice Farman will drive for France. The German drivers are, at the present moment, rather uncertain; indeed, at the time of writing there is a rumour afloat to the effect that the German Automobile Club have scratched, owing to some difficulty on this point. Let us hope that this is not so, for the absence of the Daimler cracks of which so much has been prophesied would be most regrettable.

The Gordon Bennett Cup Race now fills the eye of the British automobilist, and little else is discussed in automobile circles. The Cup is a fine, artistic piece of the silversmith's art, of the value of five hundred pounds, and was presented to the Automobile Club of France, under whose rules it is now annually competed for, by Mr. Gordon Bennett, the cosmopolitan proprietor of the *New York Herald*. The first race for the honour of holding this handsome trophy for twelve months was held on June 14, 1900, the course being from Paris to Lyons (345½ miles), and won by Charron with an average speed of thirty-eight miles per hour, notwithstanding a long wait for the repair of a bent axle. Thus the French Club became the first holders of the Cup. The next race, run on May 29, 1901, was contested between Paris and Bordeaux, and was secured by Girardot, who drove the distance of 345 miles in 8 hr. 50 min. 59 sec. Last year saw the Cup brought to England by S. F. Edge's win on his 40 horse-power Napier, the course being from Paris to Innsbruck, with Switzerland ruled out (350 miles), in 11 hr. 2 min. 52½ sec. actual driving-time. The time of this race cannot for a moment be compared with the times of the two



MISS DOROTHY LEVITT,

THE ONLY LADY WHO HAS ENTERED FOR THE LONDON TO GLASGOW NON-STOP RUN NEXT WEEK, AND WHO RECENTLY ACCOMPLISHED LONDON TO SOUTHSEA AND BACK WITHOUT A STOP.

THE WORLD OF SPORT

The Derby—The Chester Cup—Kempton Park—Declarations—Ascot.

IT is possible now to guess at the probable strength of the Derby field. Rock Sand, who won the Guineas in smashing style, is, I am rather surprised to find, a stayer, and he is very likely to hold all the English horses safe at Epsom.



MR. GEORGE BLACKWELL,
WHO TRAINED ROCK SAND AND FLOTSAM, FIRST
AND SECOND IN THE TWO THOUSAND GUINEAS.

Roodee this week; and, now that the going has become good, the field is very likely to be of average dimensions. Sceptre is in reserve for a later engagement, but St. Maclou is said to be a certain starter. I do not fancy his chance with 9 st. 5 lb. Carabine, who won the race last year, has not had an uninterrupted preparation, although his popular owner, Mr. J. Collins, thinks him little short of a certainty. John Porter would much like to win the race with Cupbearer, but the horse has been struck out of the race. I am told, on good authority, that the Duke of Westminster's good-looking colt is as quiet as a lamb at work. He is one of the handsomest horses in training, and is a very fast horse too. Caro, owned by the Duke of Portland, is a stayer and is much liked by the Newmarket touts. Sweet Sounds, who has been hurdling, should run well, and Templemore is another that should not be despised. I think the pick of the handicap is Vendale, who, if Trigg rides, would only have 6 st. 6 lb. to carry—a mere feather-weight for a useful four-year-old. Vendale both stays and goes fast, and, while suggesting Carabine as the danger, I do not think the last-named capable of giving Vendale 23 lb. over two and a-quarter miles. True, Parody, who has shown some in-and-out form this year, may beat the pair, but I do not think so.

There will be a large attendance at Kempton Park on Friday and Saturday. The course is in first-rate order and fields ought to be well up to average. The May Three-year-old Plate may be won by Rinaldo, and Flying Footstep, who ran well at Epsom, is very likely to win the Spring Two-year-old Plate. There will be a big field for the Jubilee Stakes on Saturday, but the market

True, Flotsam may improve a few pounds, but he is hardly likely to turn the tables on his stable-companion over the longer course. Rabelais is none too nimble, and, if I am not mistaken, the King's colt, Mead, will not be fit by Derby Day. He is a fine animal who wants time. He is certain to win good races later in the season, but it is apparent that R. Marsh has not hurried the colt in his work, and he may not be at his best before the autumn, unless he captures a big prize in the Goodwood Meeting. He is, I expect, being saved with an eye to the St. Leger, a course that would suit his action down to the ground. The dangerous opposition to Rock Sand at Epsom may come from Vinicius, who is much fancied by M. Blanc. I am told, too, that Huggins thinks Acefull is certain to take a lot of beating for the Derby. Acefull has done good work for a long time and he is liked by the Newmarket touts. However, at present the race looks a gift for Rock Sand.

It goes without saying that the Chester Cup will attract a big crowd to the

over this race has been none too lively, and I am afraid that many owners will refuse to back their horses until the numbers have gone up. Fighting Furley won the Queen's Prize and evidently likes the course, but he has plenty of weight this time. The 'cute division think that Darling's best will be dangerous, and the little punters have fastened on to Valiant, who was bought from Mr. Platt at a big price. But the Master of Beckhampton has four to choose from, and backers should wait until the day before making a final choice. Pistol has a big chance on his fourth for the City and Suburban, when he travelled the longest way round. Royal George, too, has a chance. He is a consistent performer over the Sunbury course. For the actual winner I must stand or fall on Elba, who beat Sceptre at Doncaster in the Park Hill Stakes. Elba is owned by Earl Cadogan. She has been well trained and is said to be up to the top of her form just now.

I think the public should be given all possible information with regard to races by the means of declarations. For instance, when two horses out of the same stable competed in any race, the trainer should make a declaration to win with one, even though the horses belonged to different owners. Again, the "doping" stables—and these are well known to ordinary racegoers—should be made to declare before a race whether their horses had or had not been "doped." Only a few days back I heard of a case where an owner tried the "dope" on a selling plater for experiment, and although he backed something else in the race, as his own horse had no chance on the book, the last-named animal was beaten by only a very short distance. "Doping," seemingly, is allowed by the Stewards of the English Jockey Club, but it should be put a stop to, and I would fine a trainer very heavily who put an apprentice up on a "doped" horse without letting the boy know beforehand that a drug had been given the animal.

The recent rains have done a deal of good to the Ascot race-track. A friend who walked the course recently reported it as being the "pink of perfection." The herbage is thick and green, and the grumblers will have to look for another mark this year. Several important alterations are being made to the stands and rings. The police-station in the yard at the back of the Royal Stand has been removed, but the men of blue need not despair, as I am told the Policc Band will, as usual, perform during the Royal luncheon-hour. The meeting is expected to beat all records this year, and the Royal Procession on the Tuesday and the Thursday will, it is expected, be the smartest show of the season. His Majesty the King will attend the meeting on each of the four days, but it is said Her Majesty the Queen will attend only on Tuesday and Thursday. CAPTAIN COE.



SIR J. MILLER'S ROCK SAND (J. H. MARTIN UP), WINNER OF THE TWO THOUSAND.

OUR LADIES' PAGES.

AN observant somebody who is much exercised on the subject of my remarks, in last week's issue, concerning the undraped condition of Society's shoulders in the evening, writes me in a caustic vein on the cause and effect of this habit. "It may be all very well," she—or is it he?—remarks, "to exhibit well-rounded shoulders in well-heated rooms to the extent you advert on, but you do not surely admire the insane prevailing craze for daytime semi-nudity in which the 'pneumonia blouse' and the 'consumption corsage' are chief factors?" Replying to my downright correspondent, I emphatically say, "Certainly not!" No death-trap ever devised was more seductive or more sure in its ill effects than the transparent yoke of present foolish fashion, which in a climate like ours simply invites all ills the chest is heir to. Yet, bronchitis and sore-throat notwithstanding, girls still invite chastisement of the Fates by wearing practically no covering on the neck and upper part of the chest. In the newest models of elaborate fête-gowns for afternoon wear the décolletage is much more pronounced even than last Season.

At a recent smart wedding, with an east wind blowing the fur of one's temper wrong way up, six shivering bridesmaids presented six shapely but uncovered necks to the critical gaze of the other guests. The effect was good, but their feelings must have been indescribably the reverse. Did one wonder that three of the six were down with influenza just afterwards? The marvel was that any escaped. They must have had cast-iron constitutions to do so.

This fashion of wearing lace capes at the shoulder has again become so exaggerated that ultra-fashionable women are beginning to drop it, and the others look as if they had adopted disused crochet antimacassars,

saucy, upstanding osprey, or the "tambourine" variety, with flower-crowned roof and shimmering fringes of fine-spun glass—an old fashion revived, as is the craze with straw buckles, fringes, and flowers, which are coming over to us from Paris. Our hats trimmed with glass, our



[Copyright.]

AN ARTISTIC ARRANGEMENT OF BLACK AND WHITE LACE.

silk petticoats partaking largely of tin, our newest jewellery of gold and copper enamelled and platinum—certainly we have arrived at a metallic crisis.

And, talking of jewellery, I am led into periodical paroxysms of admiration by the continually oncoming novelties of the Parisian Diamond Company. The quaintest conceits in jewelled buttons, which are again such a feature this Season, are now noticeable in many sizes at their different salons; jewelled purses of new design compel appreciation; slender neck-chains, supporting jewelled pendants in dozens of different settings, excite envy; pearl-tipped tiaras, bracelets of intricate device in enamel and square-cut jewels, appeal to ready purse-strings, and an unnamably long list of other exclusive productions lie around on every side, illustrative of the art and skill which are lavished on the smallest object, from bangle-charm to necklace. Jewelled pencils, parasol-handles, bag-frames, and other daintinesses innumerable are on view equally at the Bond Street, Regent Street, and Burlington Arcade establishments of the Parisian Diamond Company, where also are obtainable the ropes and strings and collars of perfectly shaped pearls for which the Company first obtained its fame. Some attractive specimens are illustrated overleaf.

It is curious and interesting to note how in this age of inventive genius one's horizon widens perceptibly and the limitations which first bound it disappear one by one. The motor annihilates distance, and the remote country all at once becomes possible to Metropolitans, as London is easily attainable to the country cousin, who is now no more remote, unfriended, melancholy, or slow. Happily, also, music is no longer banished from our midst, inasmuch as, with the advent of the Pianola, master-pieces for the piano and their effective manipulation



[Copyright.]

WHITE CLOTH ORNAMENTED WITH RED.

tassels and all, wherewith to drape themselves, so curious and cumbersome in shape have the largest capes become. Hats are of all sorts, from the latest model of the genus "picture," which surrounds a pretty face with a mundane but most effective halo, to the jaunty toque with

are possible to the most uninstructed lover of melody. It now only remains for some heaven-born scientist to develop a possible flying-machine, when, with pressing a button or winding a spring, the last and most intractable element which still remains defiant to man will be made captive and the millennium of travel achieved. When that time arrives, chaperons, income-tax collectors, and Parliamentary bores will find their occupations gone and, with other flies on the wheel, their places knowing them no more.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

ELFRIDA (Eastbourne).—The infallible remedy for cold winds and sun-tan is Vinolia Cream. I wonder you would venture to the seaside without it in this country of dreadful climates. The Vinolia Soap is also an indispensable creed of comfort when travelling about. It softens the skin and counteracts the effect of hard water.

INQUIRER (Ilkley).—Certainly. "Plasmon" can be mixed with any food, being tasteless. It can also, however, be made up into dainty dishes, as you would have seen had you been in town for the Cookery Exhibition at the Albert Hall. It was made up in Crème printanière, Galantine of chicken, Béchamel sauce, and other toothsome dishes. You should give it to your invalid in everything.

BRIGADE-MAJOR.—I am afraid your inquiries are rather outside my province. Why not address yourself to the people direct? I do not know about the district you name; but in London, flowers, cigarettes, and millinery have been done to death. Why does your friend not try hair-dressing? It is very profitable, one hears. With it she could combine manicure, which always "catches on."

SYBIL.

Connoisseurs of tobacco should try "Regalia Smoking Mixture," which is claimed to be a perfect combination of the choicest growths, uniformly blended, and producing the delicious fragrance of the pure leaf, no perfumes or other deleterious ingredients being added. All classes of smokers are catered for, since Mr. H. Duncan Christie, of 30, Nicolson Square, Edinburgh, supplies "Regalia" in three strengths—mild, medium, and full.

Buda-Pesth has organised a water and night fête to take place on the Danube, on a larger scale than anything of the kind yet attempted. No city is better placed for picturesque effect, and the Committee, under Count Paul Szapary and the patronage of the Emperor Francis Joseph, are organising the fêtes on a scale of unequalled splendour. These fêtes are attracting widespread attention throughout Europe, and the International Sleeping-Car Company proposes to run a number of special trains, including a *train-de-luxe*—a special Orient Express from Paris East Station on the evening of May 11, at seven o'clock.

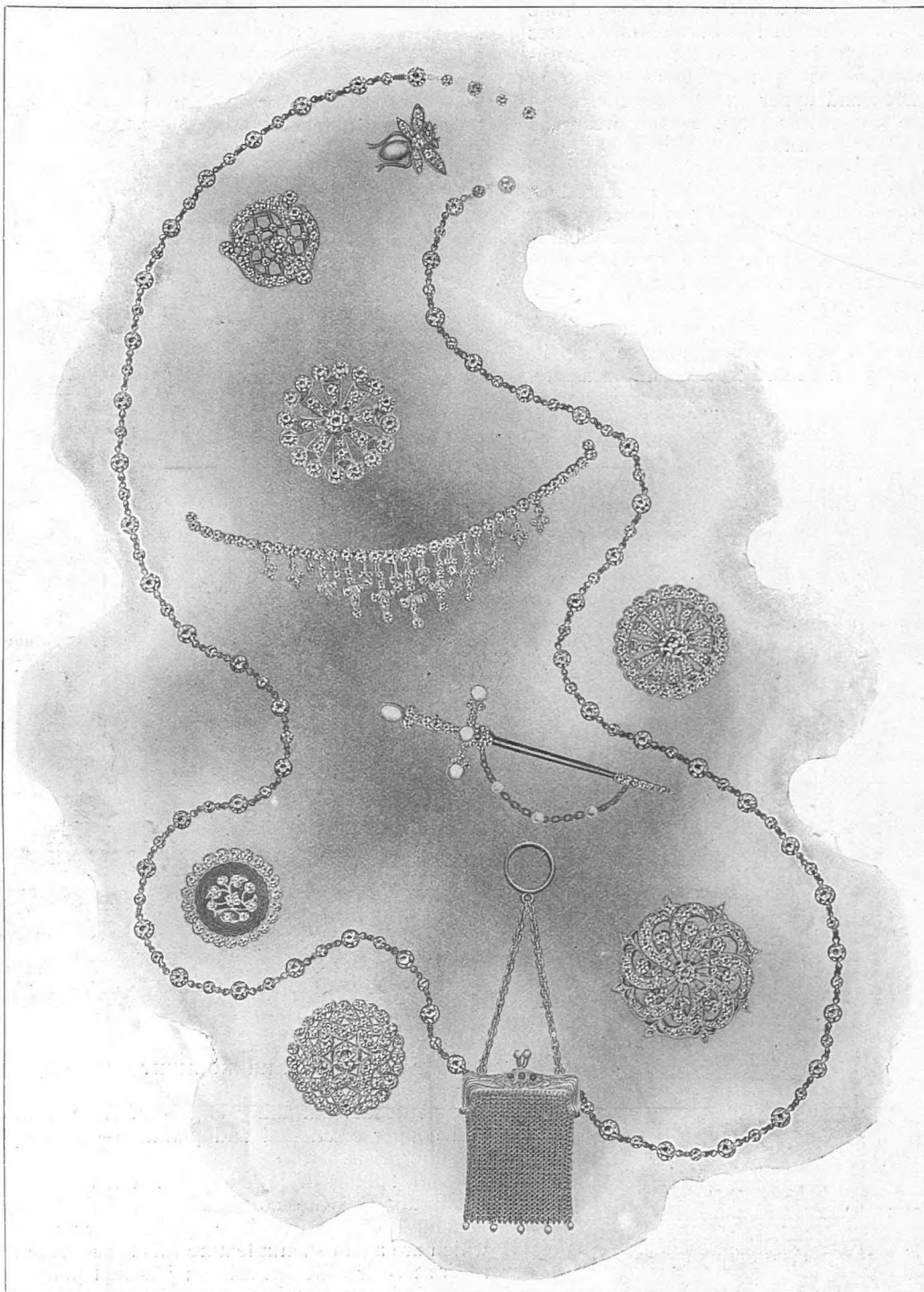
The Great Eastern Railway Company has done more for the county of Essex than all other agencies put together. A notable instance of the Company's far-seeing enterprise is the construction of the new Ilford to Woodford line, opened for passenger traffic on the 1st inst. Traversing pretty and historic country eminently suitable for residential development, the new line, which is double-tracked throughout, has six well-built stations, and, as a frequent circular service of trains has been provided, residents in the new neighbourhood will be able to enjoy not only the advantages of living in a district possessing those rural and other attractions which delighted Charles Dickens, but also that of quick, cheap, and easy transit to and from London.

THE KING IN ITALY.

KING EDWARD'S visit to Naples and to Rome has been a continued succession of receptions of a nature more enthusiastic probably than accorded on any previous occasion to any other Sovereign (writes my Rome Correspondent). I was at Naples during the whole of King Edward's sojourn there, and was at the station on His Majesty's arrival in Rome, and am, therefore, well able to gauge the feelings of the general public—at any rate, so far as they were visible upon the surface. The visit to Naples was most essentially private and unofficial. The King's intentions and actions were purposely kept secret by all those in authority; still, this did not prevent huge crowds assembling at different points where His Majesty would have to pass and cheering and shouting most enthusiastically

"Evviva il Re d'Inghilterra!" Even during the torrential rain which fell on the day of the arrival at the military port at Naples, numbers of people stood outside in the soaking wet, under dripping umbrellas, hoping to catch a glimpse of the King.

On the arrival in Rome, however, the enthusiasm was quite extraordinary. Thousands of people blocked the approaches to the station, the main streets, and the windows; even the very house-roofs were black with eager spectators. Rents for windows were, for Rome, extraordinarily high; two hundred and fifty lire was asked and obtained for small windows seating only six people. The scene which greeted the eye on this occasion was marvellous. Troops in hundreds were present in all the streets. As a decoration they were most useful; as a means of keeping the public back from this or that street they would have been useless, so great was the crowd. Soldiers and police, however, were quite unnecessary. A more well-behaved and gentlemanly mass of public could not be imagined. Perfect order and tranquillity prevailed from beginning to end. The decorations of the streets were really superb, especially in those thoroughfares



NEW ARTISTIC JEWELLERY AT THE PARISIAN DIAMOND COMPANY'S.

leading to the Quirinal. Masses of flowers decked the houses, gigantic wreaths were slung on massive arms of evergreens over the route to be taken by the King; British flags fluttered under the dark-blue sky; every conceivable kind of bunting was used to beautify the route. The troops massed outside the station itself were splendid in brass cuirasses and helmets, the Artillery were resplendent in all their brilliant decorations opposite the main entrance, Lancers kept order in every direction, and bright-plumed gendarmes stood in line within the open square.

For the Folkestone Steeplechases on Monday (May 11) the South-Eastern and Chatham Railway Company will run special trains from London and other stations on their system. A Club Train (first-class only, return day fare eight shillings) leaves Charing Cross at 11.5 a.m., calling at Waterloo and London Bridge; and a third-class train (return day fare five shillings) will leave the same terminus at 10.10 a.m., calling at Waterloo, London Bridge, and New Cross. Special trains will be run to London and other stations after the races.

CITY NOTES.

The Next Settlement begins on May 12.

MONEY.

AS week after week goes by and the Bank directors steadily decline to reduce the official minimum, disappointment still increases, and one cannot help noting that the reserve is actually higher now than it was a year ago, when a 3 per cent. rate was considered sufficient. As long, however, as the heavy borrowings from the Old Lady's coffers continue, it would, perhaps, be expecting too much to hope for a reduction in the minimum, which would mean less profit on its current business for the central institution.

The secret of the new Transvaal Loan continues well kept; one day market rumour favours a 3 per cent. issue at about 99, while the next every kerbstone broker has "inside information" that the loan will take the shape of 2½ scrip at about 95; and meanwhile there is a fine chance for gamblers in the shape of free dealing at about 1 premium over the issue price, whatever that may be. The blind pools of the advertising touts are 'child's-play to it!

THE BRIGHTON MATCH.

Going up to town on May the First by the 5.57 a.m. train (remarks our "House-Haunter"), I was immensely amused at the eager way in which the other eighteen workmen in the carriage discussed our Walking Match. Most of them adopted what one genial navy described as a "lorfty hair" in connection with the matter, but, for all that, they were next door but one to excited over it, and I believe one or two of them had a few shillings on what they thought were lucky numbers. The way in which we were ordered about when we alighted was, however, deeply undignified, and I think that the Stock Exchange Committee might justifiably pass a severe vote of censure upon some of the law's custodians who shoved us about just as though it were a Kaffir boom. I am glad to know that the Committee have suspended these policemen from entering the House for five years, which is, of course, tantamount to a life-sentence. After being all but run down by a gaily decorated Oxo motor—I suppose horseflesh considers it derogatory to drag about bull's-flesh, especially if the latter be condensed—I began to wonder whether everybody else in London had got up early, for the crowd was huge, and when the competitors finally appeared they were hemmed in by an all-round mob. People, however, were very considerate, I thought, and the pumping pace at which the walkers started possibly frightened human obstacles. Everyone in the House is delighted with the whole performance, and its repetition next year may be regarded as assured.

NEGLECTED INVESTMENTS.

Investments which lie off the beaten track of what we may call the fashion of Stock Exchange securities are frequently none the less worth attention because they are seldom mentioned. Many a capitalist, large and small, is grateful for a new suggestion, and we have been asked to provide further details about the Neuchatel Asphalte Preference shares mentioned in these pages a week or two ago. These are £10 shares, fully paid up, and carry a cumulative preference dividend of 5 per cent., which is payable at the end of June and the end of December. The current quotation of 10½, therefore, includes four months' interest, and the return works out to very nearly 4½ per cent on the money. The Company's Ordinary shares stand at 12½, and are themselves a good, solid investment, for the asphalte demand is never likely to be ousted by the newer styles of paving. Another somewhat out-of-the-way stock is the 4 per cent. Redeemable Debenture of the Newcastle Breweries. In this case, the £10 Ordinary shares are as high as 16 and the Preference 12½. These quotations speak for themselves in favour of the Debenture stock, which, in addition to the good dividend which it pays, is redeemable at par. The interest on this falls due at the beginning of February and August. Buenos Ayres and

Rosario 3½ per cent. Central Argentine Debenture at 94½ is of higher class than either of the foregoing, but it is a sound security and pays nearly 3½ per cent. at the current price. Lack of space forbids further embroidery of the advantages attaching to these investments, but the intending purchaser can easily obtain more information from his stockbroker or his banker.

TO SELL OR NOT TO SELL?

Tempting is not the word for prices in the Argentine Railway Market just now—tempting, that is to say, to those who bought the stocks before the recent rise occurred. We trust it is pardonable presumption on our part to hope that many readers of these "Notes" have been acting on the advice thrown out from time to time in regard to the coming of the Argentine and her railways as a medium profitable investment. But the improvement has now taken place, and what remains to be done?

It must be mentioned as a cause for surprise that the market does not appear to be overloaded with an unwieldy bull-account. The contango rate of 6½ per cent. charged on both the last carry-over days is stiff, but certainly not extravagant in view of the enormous amount of stock that was bought during the month of April. The public are paying for their Argentine Rails, and that is a very fair guarantee that the stocks are to be held for much higher prices. Developments in the Republic all indicate a continuance of the bountiful prosperity now being enjoyed, and already a 5 per cent. dividend is anticipated on Roseys, although we doubt whether it may materialise yet. We do not think the stocks should be sold. A reactionary set-back may possibly result as the end of too furious speculation, but in the long run prices will go better, much better, than those which are doubtfully considered as high to-day.

OUR JOHANNESBURG LETTER.

We are able to present the views of our Johannesburg correspondent on the position and prospects of the Consolidated Gold Fields group this week, and we venture to think that they will prove of great interest to many of our readers. As market-manipulators, Lord Harris and his fellow directors evidently command the greatest respect from our correspondent on the spot, but as gold-producers he has not a high opinion of their capacities.

CONSOLIDATED GOLD FIELDS GROUP OF MINES.

The Gold Fields group of mines is one of great potentialities. Having said so, I must add that the net results, so far, in the shape of profits, have been on the whole poor. As a great market-manipulator, a tremendous power in the resolving of share-values, the Consolidated Gold Fields has for the past ten years been one of the controlling influences of the Kaffir Market; but as a proprietary concern in the same sense as the Rand Mines, Limited, nursing subsidiary Companies and making its profits largely out of the dividends of these, it has but a poor record to show. It might be answered that the Gold Fields does not profess to do its business in the same way as the Rand Mines, Limited, or the East Rand. Its special line of business is to convert gold-claims into shares and to off-load these upon the public, and the process it has, no doubt, found very profitable, whatever may have been the experience of the public. But the Gold Fields, just like Beit, or Barnato, or J. B. Robinson, endeavours to retain the control of the various Companies it has brought into being, even although its interest in some of them may have been reduced almost to the vanishing-point. Large blocks of dividend-paying shares, as, for instance, in the Simmer and Jack, it may continue to hold for a series of years, but this is rather for the want of a suitable market to sell than as the result of a fixed policy.

In this matter of the Gold Fields' shareholdings we are placed at some disadvantage, as the Company has discontinued publishing a schedule of its various holdings since 1899, and consequently we have little better than surmise to guide us in regard to recent years' operations. We know, however, that it still holds large interests in the Simmer and Jack, Simmer and Jack East, Knight's Deep, Jupiter, South Geldenhuis Deep, South Rose Deep, Rand Victoria, Rand Victoria East, South Knight's, Rand Mines Deep, Glen Deep, South Nourse, Robinson Deep, Village Deep, the various new Companies on the Klipriviersberg Estate, several Nigel Companies, and in numerous smaller Companies, such as Middelvllei, Luipaard's Vlei, Rand Klipfontein, &c. In addition to the above, the Gold Fields has large interests in four new Deep-Level Companies formed last year, namely, Turf Mines, Van Ryn Deep, Kleinfontein Deep, and New Vierfontein Mines, and it has also numerous other assets of a miscellaneous description, including gold-claims and farms, town properties and interests in Rhodesia (the two latter chiefly represented by shares in subsidiary Companies).



CHAMBER OF MINES BUILDING, JOHANNESBURG.

Photograph by Barnett, Johannesburg.

For some years past the main sphere of the Gold Fields' operations has been in the neighbourhood of the Simmer and Jack. About the middle of 1894 the control of this well-known mine passed into the hands of the Gold Fields, which forthwith tacked on to it an immense stretch of dip ground to the south, the value of which had just been established at, what was then regarded as the great depth, 2300 feet. From then till now, the deep-level ground between the Jupiter on the west and Knight's on the east, has been the scene of constant activity in the way of Company formation, division and subdivision, the presiding Corporation having always an eye on the main chance. After making all necessary allowances, it must be admitted that, as the net result of all these years' operations, the Gold Fields has been more successful in the manipulation of the relative Companies than in the winning of gold from the reef.

Part of the programme of the Gold Fields was to make the Simmer and Jack the biggest thing on the Rand, but this has been only partly realised, for the Robinson, when it has two hundred stamps at work, will produce more gold per month than the Simmer with its three hundred-odd. As a "show" mine the Simmer is a success; moreover, it will return a fair dividend on its huge capital, simply from the magnitude of its operations, but a great deal of the shareholders' money has been wasted by an extravagant expenditure on equipment. This is the only Gold Fields' mine in the district which has been brought to the producing stage. The next to become producers will be the Simmer and Jack East, and Knight's Deep, which are having a joint mill erected for their use. Both have a fair amount of ore developed of payable though not high grade, and it certainly demands a good deal of faith to justify the price at which the shares of the latter have always stood.

In the Simmer and Jack East, operations disclosed a bit of luck. As the result of an upthrow, the reef was struck several hundred feet sooner than anticipated. Conversely, in the Jupiter and Simmer and Jack West, the shafts are down considerably below the estimated reef horizon without finding the reef. Shaft-sinking on these and neighbouring properties has not been resumed since the War. To say that there is not sufficient native labour is a truism, but this has not prevented the employment of unskilled whites for shaft-sinking on the Geduld, Wolhuter, and other properties. The Gold Fields has, however, a rôle to play, and as I have already remarked, its weather-eye is constantly fixed on the Share Market. Stagnation is the order of the day at the other Gold Fields mines in the district, except that on the Rand Victoria East a bore-hole is being put down to strike the reef. It has reached a depth of nearly 3000 feet, having gone through the Bird Reef series at 2300 feet, and the Main Reef series is expected to be found at about 4000 feet.

The only other notable mine of the Gold Fields group is the Robinson Deep, which began crushing in 1898 and has worked since (barring the War period) with only a small modicum of the success of the rich mine from which it takes its name. It is safe to say that, in the hands of the Rand Mines group, the fortunes of the Robinson Deep would have been different; for one thing, the technical supervision would have been much more efficient, much more satisfactory. This opens up a very important question. For whatever reason, the Gold Fields has never been so successful as some of the other leading groups in the matter of construction and also working costs. Mr. J. H. Hammond, eminent authority as he is, and admittedly with a world-wide reputation, has not been a success from an economic point of view, and Mr. Behr, also eminent in his line, lacks the great quality which the late Major Seymour of the Rand Mines so conspicuously exhibited, of pulling down working costs by his splendid mechanical arrangements. The problem of winding from great depths is one now specially confronting the Gold Fields, and, with all deference, it might be in better hands than those of Mr. Behr.

Another weak point with the Gold Fields is its financial management in Johannesburg. The frequent changes tell their own tale. Only to go back a few years, we have had one after the other at the helm: Messrs. F. Lowrey (now of the Gold Trust), George Richards, the Hon. Chandos Stanhope, E. Birkenruth, D. Chaplin, and R. G. Fricker—the last two the joint-managers at present. The continual changes must necessarily have militated against continuity of policy and efficient management. Another point is the position these gentlemen occupy. They are really only chief clerks or paid managers. Compare with this Beit's far-seeing and liberal policy of taking into partnership in his Johannesburg firm, all the talented men who have served him faithfully for years and helped to build up a gigantic business.

As regards the present position of the Gold Fields, it is pretty certain the shareholders will have to do without any dividend for the current year, unless the market shows more animation between now and the end of June. Market manipulation has been a difficult process since the close of last financial year, and the public have not been on the feed to any appreciable extent. The Management of the Gold Fields favours the introduction of the yellow man as a panacea for all the ills dogging the mining industry, but in the present temper of the people of the country a remedy will have to be sought elsewhere.

Saturday, May 2, 1903.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Only letters on financial subjects to be addressed to the "City Editor, The Sketch Office, 198, Strand."

BLACK.—We should hold both the Mines if the shares were our own, but to prophesy as to a dividend in the case of the British Columbia concern would be mere guesswork. Pontings, Limited, is a fair Industrial, we believe. The dividend has been 6 per cent. on the Ordinary since the incorporation of the Company. The price of shares, both Ordinary and Preference, is from 17s. 6d. to 20s. Dealing is a matter of negotiation. We do not advise purchase.

C. C. D.—The Mine is one of those patchy concerns which for ever flatter its shareholders with vain hope. It is some three months since we heard anything from our local correspondent as to the property, and then he was despondent.

E. A.—(1) We doubt if any good will ever come of this Mine. (2) Sell. (3) You cannot get out of your liability to pay the call. The shares will be forfeited, and you will be made to pay as well.

C. DE W. W.—Your sister's shares are not a gay lot. It is possible that one or two of them might produce something. The whole lot can hardly be called rubbish, for several are in the hands of honest men and come from "good stables." We know nothing that points to a rise in any one of the whole lot, but, of course, if a boom came along, even the greatest rubbish would go up.

M. C.—We know of no Argentine mining shares to be recommended. The observation was a sarcastic one, as illustrating how booms could be got up in anything, the more unlikely the better.

SAPPHO.—The City Editor appreciates the compliment you pay him in calling his clumsy wit "satire," but fears that Swift would consider it a libel on the word.

A new edition of Poe's works, limited to one thousand numbered and registered sets, is announced by an American firm. The works have been collected, edited, and for the first time revised after the author's final manuscript corrections by Edmund Clarence Stedman and George Edward Woodberry. The edition is fully illustrated. The American interest in Poe still increases, and a new memoir of his short, unhappy life will appear soon in two volumes. It is to be based on original documents.



The King's Welcome Return—Italy and England—The Bersaglieri.

MOST heartily do we, the King's loyal subjects, welcome His Majesty home again from his foreign tour, during which he has visited those countries which have the friendliest feelings towards his own Empire, and by the personal charm of his manner and his invariable tact has added to the kindly sentiments that some of our neighbours entertain towards us. Portugal has not forgotten the Peninsular War, and Italy still remembers how British sympathy was with Garibaldi and his King in the struggle they made for Italian unity and freedom.

Italy has more recent reason to remember that Great Britain sympathises with her in her joys and her troubles. I was at Milan during those very dark days for Italy when the news came of the defeat of the Italian Army by the Abyssinians, a defeat lightened by the supreme gallantry of one of the brigades, and I saw how the North Italians took the news of the misfortune. Milan, then, was very much like London was when the news of the Colenso fight reached us. In the great Cathedral there were many women kneeling all day long before the altars, and before that of Our Lady of the Seven Sorrows in particular, and the men went silently about the streets with set faces. In those days of sorrow, the Italian papers quoted all the expressions of British sympathy for the losses of a friendly nation and of admiration for the gallantry of the Dabormida Brigade, and when our days of sorrow came Italy was the one country of Europe where we received real sympathy. Spain behaved admirably, for, though the Government was still smarting under our sympathy shown for the Americans, no pro-Boer meetings were allowed, but Italy alone of the Latin nations really grieved at our reverses. Now the time has come when she can rejoice with us rejoicing, and she welcomed our King with open arms.

France, as a nation, really likes us. We are her best customer, and the English sow gold along all her highways and her coasts, but the volatile Parisian has never been able to resist the temptation to stick pins into our thick hide, and to "embêter les Anglais" is one of the national amusements. It, however, means pin-pricks and not bayonet-thrusts, and when Paris turns a smiling face to us across the Channel she does so with infinite grace.

Of all the soldiers whom the King has seen during his journey, and he has looked at the picked troops of three nations beside our own garrisons, the Bersaglieri drew from him the warmest expression of praise, and certainly the little men with glazed hats and great plumes of cocks'-feathers are some of the most picturesque troops in Europe. The peculiar trot which is their marching pace has always attracted the attention of the Italian military reformers, for it is difficult to brigade them with other troops who march at the ordinary pace; but they have always succeeded in retaining their own particular step. At one time, the late King of Italy had, so it was said, determined to issue an order that the Bersaglieri were to march like the rest of his troops. The King at the time was at Milan, and, when he started to drive to Monza, a regiment of the Bersaglieri paraded as the Guard of Honour to pay him the farewell compliments. When the King arrived at Monza, he found the same regiment waiting there to present arms to him on arrival. Their Colonel had taken them at their jog-trot by a short-cut over the hills. That settled the question of the pace at which they were to march in future, and the Bersaglieri are allowed to retain their cherished trot. The Alpine battalion which the Kings inspected at Rome must, I fancy, have been moved into the Capital for the occasion, for the regiments of mountaineers both in the French and the Italian service are always kept in the Alpine Provinces.

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May 6, 1903.

Signature.....